This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

Smith

NANV
Sindelar

WASHINGTON DAY ENTERTAINMENTS

A. FLANAGAN COMPANY
CHICAGO

WASHINGTON SONGS

Title of Song	Where Found	Binding	Price
DOWN IN OLD VIRGINIA	The Primary Song Book	Paper	$0.20
		Boards	.30
GEORGE WASHINGTON	Day School Song Collection	Boards	.30
GEORGE WASHINGTON	The Primary Song Book	Paper	.20
		Boards	.30
MT. VERNON BELLS	Musical Gems	Boards	.30
NOBLE WASHINGTON	The Primary Song Book	Paper	.20
		Boards	.30
WASHINGTON	Day School Song Collection	Boards	.30
WASHINGTON AND LIBERTY	Gems of Song	Boards	.35
	also in Golden Glees	Boards	.35
WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN	The Primary Song Book	Paper	.20
		Boards	.30
WASHINGTON ODE	Weaver's School Songs	Paper	.15
WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY	Musical Gems	Boards	.30
WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY	Robinwood Songs	Boards	.35
OUR FLAG IS FLOATING TO-DAY	Golden Glees	Boards	.35

A COLLECTION OF PATRIOTIC SONGS

WE DO NOT sing our National songs half as often as do the people of other nations. Some of our best ones are seldom heard, and others, perhaps, are entirely forgotten. On occasions such as this, at least, our old patriotic songs should be revived.

This book contains a grand array of thirty-six of the leading National patriotic airs and popular folk and home songs. Originally selected and arranged for use in the Chicago public schools. Printed from new plates on good paper and well bound. 48 large pages. Paper. **Price, 10 cents; per dozen, $1.00.**

A. FLANAGAN COMPANY: CHICAGO

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R L

HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN KING: HE CHOSE A NOBLER TITLE

WASHINGTON DAY ENTERTAINMENTS

RECITATIONS, PLAYS, DIALOGUES, DRILLS, TABLEAUX, PANTOMIMES, QUOTATIONS, SONGS, TRIBUTES, STORIES, FACTS

EDITED BY
JOS. C. SINDELAR

PUBLIC LIBRARY

A. FLANAGAN COMPANY
CHICAGO

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
482938
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
R 1910 L

OTHER BOOKS BY THE SAME AUTHOR:

LINCOLN DAY ENTERTAINMENTS
THANKSGIVING ENTERTAINMENTS
CHRISTMAS CELEBRATIONS

Price, each, 25 cents

COPYRIGHT, 1910
BY
A. FLANAGAN COMPANY

FOREWORD AND ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

THIS is not intended as a preface. The book needs no preface and should one be given it, however grand and inspiring, it could be of little worth if the content were deficient. We all know who George Washington was, what he became, and why we celebrate the day of his birth.

Like most other volumes, this one has, of course, a distinct reason for being. It is designed to amplify and enliven the study of American history of the Colonial and Revolutionary periods, as well more fully to acquaint and imbue the growing generation with a greater love for the one whose motto might have been: Gentle in manner but resolute in deed. Oh, you boys and girls who are longing to be something and do something in the world, reflect upon the character of Washington! from it get your inspiration! The same efforts and the same conduct will ever produce substantially the same results. Be honest, be truthful, be purposeful, be noble of mind, and though you may never be President, the attributes will fit you for responsibility and trust and gain for you the respect and admiration of community and friends. Prepare yourself for a place, and God will fit you into it.

The matter in this book is intended not only for the entertainment of children, but for their instruction also. Much of it is new, having been written especially for the book by Marie Irish, Clara J. Denton, Laura R. Smith and Thomas B. Weaver, while some has been gathered from various sources and adapted by the compiler. It is arranged as

nearly as possible under the various headings in degree of difficulty, primary material being placed first.

Grateful acknowledgments are rendered to all magazines, periodicals and books from whose pages selections have been gleaned and without which the volume could not have been complete. Proper credit has been given wherever such matter appears. A few selections have been used of which the names of author or publisher are unknown. For these it has been impossible to give proper credit. In cases where unintentional infringements have been made, sincere apologies are tendered. J. C. S.

CONTENTS

READINGS, RECITATIONS, QUOTATIONS

		PAGE
Because It Is Our Flag		44
Birthday Lesson, The	*Mary Livingston Burdick*	27
Character of Washington, The	*J. R. Green*	47
Character of Washington, The	*Henry C. Lodge*	48
Coming Men	*Frank Walcott Hutt*	37
Crown Our Washington	*Hezekiah Butterworth*	42
Doubting Dad		16
Epitaph on Washington, An		41
February	*Pauline Frances Camp*	16
George Washington		13
George Washington		18
George's Cherry Tree	*Amanda Waldron*	19
Good Enough		13
Good Old Times, The	*Robert J. Burdette*	15
He Never Told a Lie		32
High Resolve, A		12
Honor the Women, Too		51
Just Like Washington		21
Life Like Washington's, A		22
Like George Washington		17
Like Washington		10
Little Red Stamp, The	*Sam Walter Foss*	14
Little Soldiers		17
Lives Not Lost		26
Maxims of Washington		49
Modern Washington, A	*Joe Lincoln*	24
My Country's Flag	*Juniata Stafford*	12
My Country's Son	*Virginia Baker*	9
My Land		21
Nation's Pride, The	*Ethel M. Powelson*	36
Our Flag	*James Montgomery*	34
Ours		14

		PAGE
Our Very Best	*Mary K. D. Dingwall*	11
Puzzling Question, A		12
Schoolhouse Stands by the Flag, The		30
Something Better	*Clara J. Denton*	11
Such Was Washington		23
'Tis Splendid to Live so Grandly	*Marg't E. Sangster*	25
Tributes to Washington		52
Truthful George	*Elsie Duncan Yale*	33
Twenty-Second of February, The	*Wm. C. Bryant*	28
Washington	*Harriet Monroe*	38
Washington	*Eliza Cook*	39
Washington	*D. H. Bolles*	45
"Washington and I"		29
Washington Birthday Wish, A	*Rose Mills Powers*	23
Washington, Country and Flag		9
Washington's Birthday		20
Washington's Birthday		36
Washington's Birthday	*Arthur J. Burdick*	46
Washington's Devotion to His Country	*S. Eliot*	49
Washington's Grave	*Marshall S. Pike*	35
Washington Monument, The	*Edna Dean Proctor*	43
Was Washington Like Other Boys?		31
Which General?	*Kate W. Hamilton*	10
Who Knows?	*Anna M. Pratt*	14
Will It Be Ever?	*Alice Maude Ewell*	15

PLAYS, DIALOGUES, EXERCISES

George Washington. Five boys	*M. Alice Bryant*	69
George Washington. Sixteen children		70
Making of "Old Glory," The. Eight small boys	*Clara J. Denton*	63
Pair of Scissors, A. Five girls	*Clara J. Denton*	78
Primary History Lesson, A. Sixteen pupils		66
Spirits of Days Gone By. Any number	*M. Lizzie Stanley*	86
Three Georges, The. Six boys	*Clara J. Denton*	70
True Patriot, A. Any number boys	*Clara J. Denton*	92

PAGE

VISION, THE. Three girls and four boys..... *Clara J. Denton* 101
WASHINGTON DAY IN THE PRIMARY ROOM. Any number..... *Laura R. Smith* 58
WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY IN THE KINDERGARTEN. Whole school..... *Mira Clarke Parsons* 57
WHAT SHOULD HAVE HAPPENED. Seven little girls... *Clara J. Denton* 60
YOUNG SOLDIERS. Five small boys..... 59

DRILLS—By Marie Irish

COLONIAL DAMES' TEA PARTY. 8 girls..... 117
FLAG OF THE FREE DRILL. 12 pupils..... 120
MILITARY DRILL. 12 pupils..... 126
NOTED CHOPPERS. 6 boys and 6 girls..... 113

PANTOMIMES—By Marie Irish

HAIL, COLUMBIA! 10 or more children..... 141
SWORD OF BUNKER HILL, THE. 2 boys..... 135
UNION AND LIBERTY. Any number..... 133
WASHINGTON'S INAUGURATION. 15 or more children.. 140
WELCOME TO FREEDOM. 12 pupils..... 137

HISTORICAL TABLEAUX—By Marie Irish

COLONIES' TRIBUTE TO WASHINGTON..... 147
CROWNING OUR HERO..... 148
HONOR TO WASHINGTON..... 144
READY FOR WAR..... 145
SCENES IN THE LIFE OF WASHINGTON..... 145
The Child Washington: The Youth Washington: The Lover Washington: The General Washington: The President Washington: Washington the Aged Civilian.

BURLESQUE TABLEAUX—By Jos. C. Sindelar

BETSY ROSS AND THE FIRST FLAG..... 150
GEORGE WASHINGTON'S COURTSHIP..... 149
SURRENDER AT YORKTOWN, THE..... 149

PAGE

WASHINGTON CROSSING THE DELAWARE..... 149
WASHINGTON EQUESTRIAN STATUE, BOSTON..... 150
WONDERFUL HATCHET, THE..... 149

SONGS

GEORGE WASHINGTON.....*A. J. Lamb* 162
LITTLE GEORGE WASHINGTON.....
.....*L. Rountree Smith and T. B. Weaver* 158
MT. VERNON BELLS..... 155
MY NATIVE LAND..... 155
NAME OF WASHINGTON, THE.....*Laura R. Smith* 152
SONG OF WASHINGTON, A.....*Emilie Poulsson* 152
WASHINGTON.....*Agnes Mary Niven* 151
WASHINGTON AS A LEADER.....*John Pierpont* 153
WASHINGTON SONG.....
.....*L. Rountree Smith and T. B. Weaver* 160
WELCOME, THOU FESTAL MORN.....*George Howland* 156

STORIES AND FACTS

EVENTS IN THE LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON..... 174
FAREWELL ADDRESS.....*George Washington* 171
FAREWELL ADDRESS TO HIS OFFICERS..... 172
INSCRIPTIONS ON WASHINGTON'S TOMB..... 173
ORIGIN OF THE CELEBRATION OF WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY 173
PART GEORGE WASHINGTON HAD IN THE MAKING OF THE AMERICAN FLAG, THE..... 168
STORY OF THE HATCHET, THE..*Rev. Mason L. Weems* 164
WASHINGTON.....*John Fiske* 166
WASHINGTON AT PRAYER.....*Rev. Mason L. Weems* 165
WASHINGTON'S APPOINTMENTS..... 165
WASHINGTON'S BIRTHPLACE AND EARLY HOME.....
.....*Washington Irving* 169
WASHINGTON'S COMMISSION AS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF 170
WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL TO HIS ARMY..... 173

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM, A..... 176

MY COUNTRY'S SON

VIRGINIA BAKER

TO BE recited by a little boy.

NOT my country's father
Like great Washington;
Just a little boy—
Yet my country's son.

Doing for my country
All a boy can do;
Being loyal to it,
To its banner true.

Taking for my pattern,
Noble Washington;
Father of his country—
But once its little son.

WASHINGTON, COUNTRY AND FLAG

I LOVE the name of Washington,
I love my country, too.
I love the flag, the dear old flag,
Of red and white and blue.

WHICH GENERAL?

KATE W. HAMILTON

FOR a little boy.

SOMETIMES mamma calls me "general,"
I wish I knew which one;
But I always try to tell the truth,
So I hope it's Washington.
But when I tell my papa that,
He laughs loud as he can,
And says if she calls me "general,"
She must mean Sheridan;
Because whenever she wants me,
And I am out at play,
I nearly always seem to be
'Bout "twenty miles away."

LIKE WASHINGTON

HE WENT to the war with a general's hat
And feathers and sword—I should like to do that.
He fought and he fought, till the enemy ran—
That's how I shall do it when I am a man.

But, perhaps, I had better be thinking how
I may be a little like Washington now;
For, they say that his being a hero began
A very long time before he was a man.

He learned very early to tell what was true,
An excellent thing for a hero to do.
For every small boy it would be a good plan
To learn the same lesson before he's a man.

SOMETHING BETTER

CLARA J. DENTON

For a little girl.

I CANNOT be a Washington,
However hard I try,
But into something I must grow
As fast the days go by.

The world needs women, good and true;
I'm glad I can be one,
For that is even better than
To be a Washington.

OUR VERY BEST

MARY K. D. DINGWALL

For a little boy.

OH, HOW the world remembers!
It is many and many a day
Since the patriot, George Washington,
Grew old and passed away.

And yet to-day we are keeping
The memory of his birth,
And his deeds of truth and valor
Are told at every hearth.

How he fought for Independence
All little schoolboys know;
And why we signed the Declaration
A hundred years ago.

To be as great as Washington
I could not if I would,
But I've made up my mind that I
Will try to be as good.

A PUZZLING QUESTION

IF ALL the trees were cherry-trees,
And every little boy
Should have, like young
George Washington,
A hatchet for a toy,
And use it in a way unwise,
What would we do for
Cherry pies?

MY COUNTRY'S FLAG

JUNIATA STAFFORD

FOR a boy with flag in hand.

THIS is my country's flag,
And I am my country's boy!
To love and serve her well
Will ever be my joy.

A HIGH RESOLVE

I THINK I'll be like Washington,
As dignified and wise;
Folks always say a boy can be
A great man if he tries.

And then, perhaps, when I am old,
People will celebrate
The birthday of John Henry Jones,
And I shall live in state.

Faithful boys make faithful men;
I'll always do my best, and then
I'll have a name, when I am old,
Worth more to me than shining gold.

GOOD ENOUGH

I AM but a little boy,
And my life is just begun;
I never hope to be as great
As the famous Washington.

But mother says I can be like him
If I'm truthful, good, and pure;
So I'm content: that's what I'll be:
And that's good enough, I'm sure.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

WHEN great and good George Washington
Was a little boy like me,
He took his little hatchet
And chopped down a cherry tree.*

And when his papa called him,
He then began to cry,
"I did it, oh, I did it,
I cannot tell a lie."

His papa did not scold at all,
But said, "You noble youth,
I'd gladly lose ten cherry trees
And have you tell the truth."

But I myself am not quite clear;
For, if I took my hatchet
And chopped my papa's cherry tree,
Oh, wouldn't I just catch it!

*IT HAS been proven that the story of the cherry tree is only a myth, invented by a Rev. Mason L. Weems, formerly rector of Mount Vernon Parish, to make his LIFE OF WASHINGTON more salable.

WHO KNOWS?

ANNA M. PRATT

I WONDER if George Washington,
When he was six years old,
Turned out his toes and brushed his hair,
And always shut the door with care,
And did as he was told?
I wonder if he never said,
"Oh, dear!" when he was sent to bed?

OURS

NAPOLEON was great, I know,
And Julius Cæsar, and all the rest;
But they don't belong to us, and so
I like George Washington the best.

THE LITTLE RED STAMP

SAM WALTER FOSS

MAKE a big postage stamp (Washington design) from manilla paper: color and sketch to imitate the real article. Stamp should be large enough to almost hide the small speaker. Only his face and feet are to be seen, for he is a stamp, not a boy, you know. A real, live, walking stamp!

I'M THE little red stamp with George Washington's picture;
And I go wherever I may,
To any spot in George Washington's land;
And I go by the shortest way.

And the guns of wrath would clear my path—
A thousand guns at need—
Of the hands that should dare block my course
Or slacken my onward speed.

Stand back! Hands off of Uncle Sam's mail!
(*With appropriate gestures.*)
Stand back there! back! I say;
For the little red stamp with George Washington's picture
Must have the right of way.

WILL IT EVER BE?

ALICE MAUDE EWELL

OH, I wonder, I wonder if ever
I'll be such a brave one as he!
So big and so wise, and so gallant!
Mother, dear, do you think it will be?
Do you think if I grow fast and learn fast,
And watch how he did every day,
That I'll ever be like for to do things
As well as George Washington's way?

THE GOOD OLD TIMES

ROBERT J. BURDETTE

WHEN Washington was President,
As cold as any icicle,
He never on a railroad went;
And never rode a bicycle.

He read by no electric lamp,
Nor heard about the Yellowstone,
He never licked a postage stamp,
And never saw a telephone.

His trousers end d at the knees,
By wire he could not send despatch;
He filled his lamp with whale-oil grease,
And never had a match to scratch.

But in these days it's come to pass,
All work is with such dashing done—
We've all those things; but then, alas!—
We seem to have no Washington.

DOUBTING DAD

I LIKE to think my dad is one
That's truthful like George Washington,
An' that he wudden't ever tell
A leetle teensy weensy—well,
Say a fib—an' that he'd ruther die
Than ever tell a sure 'nuff lie;
I'd like to think all that, but gee!
He says it hurts him worse'n me.
He's sure a truther other ways
An' just deserves all kinds o' praise.
When talkin' he will hesitate
So as he won't exaggerate;
In fack, my dad is mighty grand
An' that's why I can't understand
Er figger it at all, you see—
He says it hurts him worse'n me!

—*Kansas City Times*

FEBRUARY

PAULINE FRANCES CAMP

I AM a little fellow, though I'm always up to date,
The days I hold within my hand are only twenty-eight;
But I just save my moments up and count them o'er and o'er,
Till in four years I've saved enough to make up one day more.
But little folks that kindly are, and pleasant in their play,
May save enough in far less time to make a happy day.

—*St. Nicholas*

LIKE GEORGE WASHINGTON

WE CANNOT all be Washingtons,
And have our birthdays celebrated;
But we can love the things he loved,
And can hate the things he hated.

He loved the truth, he hated lies,
He minded what his mother taught him,
And every day tried to do
The simple duties that it brought him.

Perhaps the reason little folks
Are sometimes great when they grow taller,
Is just because, like Washington,
They do their best when they are smaller.

LITTLE SOLDIERS*

THOUGH we never may be soldiers
On the battlefield,
Though we may not carry banner,
Bayonet, or shield;
Each man can be as true and valiant
Till life's work is done,
Each can be as brave a soldier
As George Washington.

There are mighty hosts of evil,
Armies great and strong,
Each can be a little soldier,
Fighting all day long.
Let us ever fight them bravely,
Let us valiant be;
Fight the host of greed and envy,
Pride and cruelty.

*THIS may be sung to tune: HOLD THE FORT.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

ONLY a baby, fair and small,
Like many another baby son,
Whose smiles and tears came swift at call
Who ate, and slept, and grew, that's all—
The infant Washington.

Only a boy, like other boys,
With tasks and studies, sports and fun;
Fond of his books and games and toys;
Living his childish griefs and joys—
The little Washington.

Only a lad, awkward and shy,
Skilled in handling a horse or gun;
Mastering knowledge that, by and by,
Should aid him in duties great and high—
The youthful Washington.

Only a man of finest bent,
Hero of battles fought and won;
Surveyor, General, President,
Who served his country, and died content—
The patriot Washington.

Only—ah! what was the secret, then,
Of his being America's honored son?
Why was he famed above other men,
His name upon every tongue and pen—
The illustrious Washington?

A mighty brain, a will to endure,
Passions subdued, a slave to none,
A heart that was brave and strong and sure,
A soul that was noble and great and pure,
A faith in God that was held secure—
This was George Washington.

GEORGE'S CHERRY TREE

AMANDA WALDRON

OH, THE little cherry tree was a rustler!
Its leaves danced and twinkled in the breeze;
And it wore its blossoms white,
And its cherries, coral-bright,
Like a little crowned queen among the trees.

Oh, the little cherry tree was a hustler!
It grew like a daisy in the sun;
It lifted up its head,
And it spread and it spread,
Until George cut it down just for fun.

Now the little cherry tree is a teacher,
And its scholars are the people of the land;
It teaches truth and pluck
Must forever bring good luck,
And it shouts the lesson out to beat the band.

And the little cherry tree is a preacher,
Preaching sermons with the hatchet for a text.
"God and nature"—so it speaks—
"Hate the liars and the sneaks;
They're not wanted in this world nor in the next."

So the little cherry tree is immortal;
For centuries its fruit shall glitter red;
Trees that round it used to grow
Turned to sawdust long ago,
But this fellow rises yearly from the dead.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

For a little boy.

ONCE, last winter, I was playing
With my dog out in the street;
We were having fun together,
Racing to see who could beat.

From the houses all around us
Lovely flags were hanging out;
Jip and I could not help wond'ring
What it all could be about.

By and by we heard some music,
First it sounded far away;
When it turned around our corner,
Jip and I soon stopped our play.

And we stood quite still and watched them
Till no more they could be seen;
Then we hurried home to mamma
To find out what it could mean.

Mamma looked down kindly on me:
"Don't you know, my little son,
That to-day we keep the birthday
Of our brave George Washington?

"Long ago, in our own country,
When men struggled for the right,
It was Washington who led them
Through the thickest of the fight.

"But at last the war was ended,
And the victory was won;
Then a president was needed,
So they chose George Washington.

"And to-day we keep his birthday;
Let us each remember well
That his bravery and wisdom
Saved the land in which we dwell."

MY LAND

SHE is a rich and rare land;
Oh, she's a fresh and fair land;
She is a dear and rare land—
This native land of mine.

No men than hers are braver;
Her women's hearts ne'er waver;
I'd freely die to save her,
And think my lot divine.

She's not a dull nor cold land—
No! she's a warm and bold land;
Oh, she's a true and old land—
This native land of mine.

Could beauty ever guard her,
And virtue still reward her,
No foe would cross her border,
No friend within her pine!

Oh, she's a fresh and fair land;
Oh, she's a true and rare land;
Yes, she's a rare and fair land—
This native land of mine.

JUST LIKE WASHINGTON

IF THERE was only a war, I'd have a gun,
Just like the great General Washington.
Soon over my shoulder I'd sling it—so—
And then to the contest bravely I'd go.

If there was only a war, I'd strive to be
The greatest defender of liberty.
I'd follow the steps of Washington,
And fight and conquer everyone.

Then, too, if I'm good, every day,
Shall I not be a hero in a smaller way?
It's harder to do right from day to day,
Than to carry a musket in a fray.

I'll be a peace hero—that I will;
I'll study my lesson and—keep very still
When my work is done—and then I'll be
Just like the great hero, Washington.

A LIFE LIKE WASHINGTON'S

WHAT has a life like Washington's
To you and me to say?
In books, in song, in monument
It speaks to us to-day.

The old Mount Vernon home he loved
Is guarded now, that we
May walk where once he walked and see
What once he used to see.

We look and love; not just because
He well knew how to plan
And rule our nation, but because
He was a noble man.

Because he was so generous,
So kind in thought and deeds;
Because such simple lives as his
The world most sadly needs:

We say he was the first in war,
As said the nation then:
The first in peace, and first in hearts
Of all his countrymen.

A WASHINGTON BIRTHDAY WISH

ROSE MILLS POWERS

THE little, young George Washington,
I fear no holiday he had
Our country's best beloved son,
Upon his birthday, as a lad,
For times were somewhat sterner then,
And boys worked harder, more like men,
While festal days, to us so dear,
Were rare in homesteads pioneer.

Oh, how surprised he would have been
If, looking forward, he had seen
The multitude of little folks
With gleeful mien and merry jokes
And hatchet, flag, and cherry bough,
His birthday celebrating now!
I wish he might have shared our fun—
The little, young George Washington.

—*The Youth's Companion*

SUCH WAS WASHINGTON

"HOW did George Washington look?" asked Nell;
"What was he like? Won't you please tell?"
Thus I answered: "A courtly man,
Wearing his honors as heroes can;
Erect and tall, with his six feet two;
Knee breeches, buckles, frills, and queue;
Powdered brown hair, blue eyes, far apart;
Strong limbed and fearless, with gentle heart;
Gracious in manner toward everyone.
Such, my Nellie, was Washington."

A MODERN WASHINGTON

JOE LINCOLN

T'OTHER day our teacher read
From a hist'ry book that told
'Bout George Washin'ton, and said
He wuz always gooder'n gold:
Didn't act like boys now does,
And he never told a lie;
Never said a thing but wuz
Honest Injun, hope to die;
And we fellers wished that we
Wuz as good's he uster be.

Teacher read us 'bout that ax
That his father gave him, and
How George, he skips out and hacks
Down a tree to beat the band;
And his pa wuz wild, you know,
'Cause 'twuz a expensive tree,
But George couldn't lie, and so
He just sez: "Yes, pa, 'twuz me"—
And his pa, he almos' cried,
He's so glad George hadn't lied.

Well, last night I wanted some
Marmalade down off the shelf
In the pantry—it wuz plum—
And I thought I'd help myself.
Then—'twuz just my mean, old luck—
Hit a jar I hadn't seen,
Down it went, and, course, it struck
Right on top the soup tureen.
Goodness sakes! Don't say a word!
Worsest smash you ever heard.

Well, I just skipped out of that—
Heard pa comin' on the run—

Might a-laid it on the cat,
But I thought of Washin'ton,
And I says: "Now, I won't shirk;"
So, when pa had seen the mess,
And says: "Sam, is this your work?"
Just like George, I answers: "Yes."
Golly! what fixed him all right
Never worked for me a mite.

What's the use of tellin' more!
If your ear had just been pressed
Up against our woodshed door
You'd a-found out all the rest.
George's pa said, right away:
"To my arms, my noble boy!"
I went on pa's knee, and say!
'Twuzn't nuthin' to enjoy.
Boys that's Washin'tons, gee whiz!
Need to have a pa like his.

'TIS SPLENDID TO LIVE SO GRANDLY

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

'TIS splendid to live so grandly
That, long after you are gone,
The things you did are remembered,
And recounted under the sun;
To live so bravely and purely,
That a nation stops on its way,
And once a year, with banner and drum,
Keeps the thoughts of your natal day.

'Tis splendid to have a record,
So white and free from stain
That, held to the light, it shows no blot,
Though tested and tried again;

That age to age forever
  Repeats its story of love,
And your birthday lives in a nation's heart,
  All other days above.

And this is Washington's glory,
  A steadfast soul and true,
Who stood for his country's honor
  When his country's days were few.
And now, when its days are many,
  And its flag of stars is flung
To the breeze in defiant challenge,
  His name is on every tongue.

Yes, it's splendid to live so bravely,
  To be so great and strong,
That your memory is ever a tocsin
  To rally the foes of the wrong;
To live so proudly and purely
  That your people pause in their way,
And year by year, with banner and drum,
  Keep the thoughts of your natal day.

LIVES NOT LOST

OH, TELL me not that lives are lost
  When spent in Freedom's cause,
When nobly, freely given up
  For Union and the laws.

When patriots to the contest rush,
  Disdaining every cost,
And by their best blood victory's sent,
  Such lives cannot be lost.

For though the silver cord be loosed
  Amid the cannon's roar,

Yet will the spirit, freed from clay,
Up to its Maker soar.

That life alone is really lost
When to no purpose given,
But lives when lost in Freedom's cause
Are found again in Heaven.

Tell me not that lives are lost,
Who to the death-shot yield,
But rather write beneath their names,
"Promoted on the field."

THE BIRTHDAY LESSON

MARY LIVINGSTON BURDICK

FOR a girl.

TO-DAY'S a holiday, you know,
And so we children, just for fun,
Said we would dress like old-time folks,
And I'd be Martha Washington.

We searched through all the garret's chests
And found, among forgotten hoards,
The stiffest silks, and old brocades,
And ruffled caps, and tarnished swords.

And when at last we all were dressed,
We went to my great-grandma's room.
She smiled and colored with delight,
Until her cheeks were all in bloom.

But somehow, her blue eyes grew grave
As each girl told her chosen name,
And finally she gently said,
"It is a very pretty game.

"Yet take care, children, that you wear,
Not only clothes of ancient days,
But manners of those gracious dames,
Who won all by their gentle ways.

"The brow beneath your powdered hair
Is very fair, my great-grandchild;
So keep your thoughts; and let your eyes
Reflect a heart both true and mild.

"This hand which holds a painted fan
Must work, that tired hands may rest;
Since Martha Washington, you know,
Could spin and weave at want's request.

"The feet where buckled slippers shine
May some day tread a thorny road.
Hold fast the pictures of brave lives,
And never falter with the load."

Then dear great-grandma blessed us all,
And down the hall our steps we turned.
It is a holiday, it's true,
But every girl her lesson learned.

THE TWENTY-SECOND OF FEBRUARY

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

PALE is the February sky,
And brief the midday's sunny hours;
The wind-swept forest seems to sigh
For the sweet time of leaves and flowers.

Yet has no month a prouder day,
Not even when the Summer broods
O'er meadows in their fresh array,
Or Autumn tints the glowing woods.

For this chill season now again
Brings, in its annual round, the morn
When, greatest of the sons of men,
Our glorious Washington was born.

Lo, where, beneath an icy shield,
Calmly the mighty Hudson flows!
By snow-clad fell and frozen field
Broadening the lordly river goes.

The wildest storm that sweeps through space,
And rends the oak with sudden force,
Can raise no ripple on his face,
Or slacken his majestic course.

Thus 'mid the wreck of thrones shall live
Unmarred, undimmed, our hero's fame;
And years succeeding years shall give
Increase of honors to his name.

"WASHINGTON AND I"

A LITTLE street Arab was Johnny McGee,
Ragged, and friendless, and homeless was he.
But Johnny, though ragged, was clever and bright,
And he knew the difference between wrong and right.
Now it happened one morning that Johnny felt gay
And ready for all kinds of mischief and play,
His little, strong arms went to tossing up stones,
Regardless of danger to heads and to bones.

But alas for poor Johnny, for what do you think!
It happened that one stone, quick as a wink,
Went whack 'gainst the window of Squire B—'s house,
And poor, frightened Johnny wished he were a mouse,
To be able to hide in the first hole he found,
And keep himself hidden away under ground.
For the beautiful window was cracked right in two,
And John, if discovered, would suffer, he knew.

But hark! he hears music away down the street!
He knows they are soldiers, he hears the drums beat!
And Johnny remembers whose birthday it is,
And a sudden resolve lights his pale little phiz.
"They say Mr. Washington ne'er told a lie
When he was a little chap, neither will I!
And maybe some day, when I'm grown up and dead,
Folks will build a big monument over my head!"

Only just a few moments of mute hesitation,
Then, feeling as grand as the "Head of the Nation,"
In walked little Johnny straight up to the squire,
And while he was speaking his courage rose higher,
And presently, when he was back in the street,
Speeding after the soldiers with fast, eager feet,
"Hurrah!" he cried, gayly, "for Washington—and I,
For we are the chaps as would not tell a lie!"

THE SCHOOLHOUSE STANDS BY THE FLAG

LET this be given by a boy, with enthusiasm. Have a large flag in view of audience to which the speaker points as he recites.

YE WHO love the Republic, remember the claim
Ye owe to her fortunes, ye owe to her name;
To her years of prosperity, past and in store—
A hundred behind you, a thousand before.
'Tis the schoolhouse that stands by the flag—
Let the nation stand by the school;
'Tis the school-bell that rings for our Liberty old,
'Tis the schoolboy whose ballot shall rule.

The blue arch above us is Liberty's dome,
The green fields beneath us Equality's home,
But the schoolroom to-day is Humanity's friend—
Let the people the flag and the schoolhouse defend.

'Tis the schoolhouse that stands by the flag—
Let the nation stand by the school;
'Tis the school-bell that rings for our Liberty old,
'Tis the schoolboy whose ballot shall rule.

WAS WASHINGTON LIKE OTHER BOYS?

THE talk is all George Washington now,
His birthday and his age;
The schools are closed and flags are out,
It seems to be the rage.
We hear of his being a wonderful man
And our hearts beat fast with joy,
When we think so great a general
Was once, like us, a boy.

They tell us only the things that are good,
And leave out all the bad;
But I can't help asking in my mind,
Was he not like most any lad?
Did he not love his sport, like we?
Did summer come or winter go
Without a plunge in the river cool
Or throwing balls of the damp, white snow?

Was he ever a gay and barefoot boy
And wore a brimless hat?
Were his ruddy cheeks the royal throne
Whereon sweet smiles and dimples sat?
Or did his aristocratic sire
Think life like this too free,
And he rode about with slippered feet
And silver buckles at his knee?

Did he ever relish a piece of pie
Held tight in a dirty hand?

Or with bread well spread with sugar or jell,
Feel like a monarch of the land?
Were his little trousers graced by a patch
Of a different color and kind?
Were his elbows out, and jacket torn
Yet he never seemed to mind?

Did he ever attend a "deestrict school,"
And sit on the dunce's seat?
Did he ever play tricks on the young schoolma'am,
And get out of a flogging sure and neat?
Did he tie tin cans to a little dog's tail
To see him howl and run?
Or duck a girl in a cold snow-drift
Because it was lots of fun?

O, these are the joys of the common boy,
And royal boys are they,
They'd toil a week for a day of pleasure
And ask no other pay.
If Washington knew no days like these
He missed a deal of joy.
And I know not one who'd trade for his rank
The life of a common boy.

HE NEVER TOLD A LIE

I SAW him standing in the crowd,
A comely youth and fair;
There was a brightness in his eye,
A glory in his hair!
I saw his comrades gaze on him—
His comrades standing by;
I heard them whisper each to each,
"He never told a lie!"

I thought of questions very hard
For boys to answer right:
"How did you tear those pantaloons?"
"My son, what caused the fight?"
"Who left the gate ajar last night?"
"Who bit the pumpkin pie?"
What boy could answer all of these
And never tell a lie?

I proudly took him by the hand—
My words with praise were rife;
I blessed that boy who never told
A falsehood in his life;
I told him I was proud of him.
A fellow standing by
Informed me that *that* boy was dumb
Who never told a lie.

TRUTHFUL GEORGE

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE

THE old-time garden path they paced
In days of long ago,
His arm encircled Martha's waist,
Their steps were staid and slow.
Said she, "Pray tell me, I implore—
George Washington, confess—
Have e'er you kissed a girl before?"
Quoth truthful George, "Oh, yes!"

They lingered by the lilac tree,
And earnestly he said,
"Sweet Widow Custis, dear to me,
Oh, prithee, let us wed!"
She shyly shook her silken curls,
"Now, George, just tell me true,
Have you proposed to other girls?"
Quoth truthful George, "A few!"

The twilight shadows fell apace
O'er sweet Virginia's land,
At Martha's feet with courtly grace
He knelt, and kissed her hand.
"My love is true as stars above."—
Said she, "And is it so
I really am your heart's first love?"
Quoth truthful George, "Oh, no!"

Said Martha, "Then I'll be your wife—
I cannot fear, forsooth,
To trust my happiness and life
To one who speaks the truth.
And when I'm old and toothless grown,
And wearing grandma caps,
You'll still love me, and me alone?"
Quoth truthful George, "Perhaps!"

—Woman's Home Companion

OUR FLAG

JAMES MONTGOMERY

FOR a boy, holding flag in hand.

OH, FLAG of a resolute nation,
Oh, flag of the strong and free,
The cherished of true-hearted millions,
We hallow thy colors three!

Three proud, floating emblems of glory,
Our guide for the coming time;
The red, white, and blue, in their beauty,
Love gives them a meaning sublime.

Thy red is the deep crimson life-stream
Which flowed on the battle-plain,
Redeeming our land from oppression,
And leaving no servile stain.

Thy white is a proud people's honor,
Kept spotless and clear as light;
A pledge of unfaltering justice,
A symbol of truth and right.

Thy blue is our nation's endurance,
And points to the blue above;
The limitless, measureless azure,
A type of our Father's love.

The stars are God's witness of blessing,
And smile at the foeman's frown;
They sparkle and gleam in their splendor,
Bright gems in the great world's crown.

WASHINGTON'S GRAVE

MARSHALL S. PIKE

DISTURB not his slumbers, let Washington sleep
'Neath the boughs of the willows that over him weep,
His arm is unnerved, but his deeds remain bright
As the stars in the dark-vaulted heavens at night.

Oh, wake not the hero, his battles are o'er,
Let him rest undisturbed on Potomac's fair shore;
On the river's green borders, so flowery drest,
With the heart he loved fondly let Washington rest.

Awake not his slumbers, tread lightly around,
'Tis the grave of the freeman, 'tis liberty's mound.
Thy name is immortal, our freedom ye won,
Brave sire of Columbia, our Washington.

Oh, wake not the hero, his battles are o'er,
Let him rest, calmly rest, on his dear native shore,
While the stars and stripes of our country shall wave
O'er the land that can boast of our Washington's grave.

THE NATION'S PRIDE

ETHEL M. POWELSON

RING, bells in steeple tower, ring free and clear,
Send out your chimes, aye, send them far and near!
So shall they speak of battles fought and won,
And wondrous deeds of valor, grandly done
By him all nations in their hearts hold dear,
Whom all hearts truly honor and revere,
In whom all the virtues blend—George Washington.

Speak, burnished cannon, make the welkin ring,
Your clarion voice adown the ages fling!
Let it reverberate through every land,
On mountain peak, and on the desert sand,
And ocean wave; and let the echoes spring
To the blue ether, as on eagle's wing.
So speak our pride in him—the good and grand.

Sing, happy people, sing the love and pride
That in each heart forever shall abide!
Let swelling voices ring from zone to zone,
Let trust, and pride, and love enrich your tone.
So shall we chant our praises far and wide,
Of him who lived a hero, and a hero died—
A hero loved of all—George Washington.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

THE bells of Mount Vernon are ringing to-day,
And what say their melodious numbers
To the flag-blooming air? List! what do they say?—
"The fame of the hero ne'er slumbers!"

The world's monument stands the Potomac beside,
And what says the shaft to the river?—
"When the hero has lived for his country, and died,
Death crowns him a hero forever."

The bards crown the heroes, and children rehearse
The songs that give heroes to story;
And what say the bards to the children?—"No verse
Can yet measure Washington's glory!

"For freedom outlives the old crowns of the earth,
And Freedom shall triumph forever,
And time must long wait the true song of his birth,
Who sleeps by the beautiful river."

COMING MEN

FRANK WALCOTT HUTT

A DREAMING school boy of to-day
Wished time might turn the other way,
And bring the quaint, old-fashioned rule
When wise Ben Franklin went to school,
And find the clever schoolboys, too,
That Franklin, Jay, and Adams knew.
He wished his school days had begun
With Marshall and with Jefferson;
For they were boys, Time heard him say,
Worth making friends of, any day.

Old Father Time looked kindly down,
And smiled away the dreamer's frown.
"How do you know," said he, "that they
Were wiser than the boys of to-day?
How do you know, my lad, but you
Already know a boy or two
Of sturdy brain and steady eye,
Who shall be Franklins by and by?
Or others, quick to take the lead,
Who may be Adamses, indeed?
How many boys you know and see

Shall Otises and Marshalls be?
Who knows? Your comrade, later on,
May be another Washington.
So fear you not, at school or play,
To greet the boys that live to-day,
As the proud lads you wished to know
Who lived a hundred years ago."

—*Youth's Companion*

WASHINGTON

HARRIET MONROE

FROM the COMMEMORATION ODE
World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, October 21, 1892

WHEN dreaming kings, at odds with swift-paced time,
Would strike that banner down,
A nobler knight than ever writ or rhyme
With fame's bright wreath did crown,
Through armed hosts bore it till it floated high
Beyond the clouds, a light that cannot die!

Ah, hero of our younger race!
Great builder of a temple new!
Ruler, who sought no lordly place!
Warrior, who sheathed the sword he drew!
Lover of men, who saw afar
A world unmarred by want or war
Who knew the path, and yet forbore
To tread, till all men should implore;
Who saw the light, and led the way
Where the gray world might greet the day;
Father and leader, prophet sure,
Whose will in vast works shall endure,
How shall we praise him on this day of days
Great son of fame who has no need of praise?

How shall we praise him? Open wide the doors
Of the fair temple whose broad base he laid.
Through its white walls a shadowy cavalcade
Of heroes moves o'er unresounding floors—
Men whose brawned arms upraised these columns high,
And reared the towers that vanish in the sky—
The strong who, having wrought, can never die.

WASHINGTON

ELIZA COOK

LAND of the West! though passing brief the record of thine age,
Thou hast a name that darkens all on history's wide page.
Let all the blasts of fame ring out—thine shall be loudest far;
Let others boast their satellites—thou hast the planet-star.
Thou hast a name whose characters of light shall ne'er depart;
'Tis stamped upon the dullest brain, and warms the coldest heart.
A war-cry fit for any land where freedom's to be won;
Land of the West! it stands alone—it is thy Washington.

Rome had its Cæsar, great and brave, but stain was on his wreath;
He lived the heartless conqueror, and died the tyrant's death.
France had its Eagle, but his wings, though lofty they might soar,
Were spread in false ambition's flight, and dipped in murder's gore.
Those hero-gods whose mighty sway would fain have chained the waves;
Who flashed their blades with tiger zeal, to make a world of slaves;

Who, though their kindred barred the path, still fiercely waded on;
O, where shall be *their* "glory" by the side of Washington?

He fought, but not with love of strife; he struck, but to defend;
And ere he turned a people's foe, he sought to be a friend.
He strove to keep his country's right by reason's gentle word!
And sighed when fell injustice threw the challenge—sword to sword!
He stood, the firm, the calm, the wise, the patriot and sage;
He showed no deep, avenging hate—no burst of despot rage;
He stood for Liberty and Truth, and dauntlessly led on,
Till shouts of victory gave forth the name of Washington.

No car of triumph bore him through a city filled with grief;
No groaning captives at the wheel proclaimed him victor chief;
He broke the gyves of slavery, with strong and high disdain,
And forged no scepter from the links, when he had crushed the chain.
He saved his land, but did not lay his soldier trappings down,
To change them for the regal vest and don a kingly crown.
Fame was too earnest in her joy—too proud of such a son—
To let a robe and title mask a noble Washington.

England, my heart is truly thine, my loved, my native earth!
The land that holds a mother's grave and gave that mother birth.
Oh, keenly sad would be the fate that thrust me from thy shore,
And faltering my breath that sighed, "Farewell for evermore!"
But did I meet such adverse lot I would not seek to dwell

Where olden heroes wrought the deeds for Homer's songs
to tell.
"Away, thou gallant ship!" I'd cry, "And bear me swiftly
on;
But bear me from my own fair land to that of Washington."

AN EPITAPH ON WASHINGTON

THE following beautiful epitaph was discovered on the back of a portrait of Washington, sent to the family from England. It was copied from a transcript in the handwriting of Judge Washington.

THE defender of his country, the founder of liberty,
The friend of man,
History and tradition are explored in vain
For a parallel to his character.
In the annals of modern greatness
He stands alone;
And the noblest names of Antiquity
Lose their luster in his presence.
Born the benefactor of mankind,
He united all the greatness necessary
To an illustrious career.
Nature made him great,
He made himself virtuous.
Called by his Country to the defense of her Liberties,
He triumphantly vindicated the rights of humanity,
And, on the pillars of a National Independence,
Laid the foundation of a great Republic.

Twice invested with Supreme Magistracy
By the unanimous vote of a free people,
He surpassed, in the Cabinet,
The glories of the field,
And, voluntarily resigning the scepter and the sword,
Retired to the shades of private life;
A spectacle so new, and so sublime,

Was contemplated with profoundest admiration,
And the name of Washington,
Adding new luster to humanity,
Resounded to the remotest regions of the earth.
Magnanimous in youth,
Great in death;
His highest ambition, the happiness of mankind;
His noblest victory, the conquest of himself,
Bequeathing to posterity the inheritance of his fame.
And building his monument in the hearts of his Countrymen,
He lived—the ornament of the Eighteenth Century;
He died, regretted by a mourning world.

CROWN OUR WASHINGTON

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH

THIS poem may well be used in connection with a crowning exercise. If desired, a pupil with a flag and a wreath of laurel steps up to the picture of Washington and drapes the one about it and lays the other upon it, during the first verse.

ARISE—'tis the day of our Washington's glory,
The garlands uplift for our liberties won;
Forever let Youth tell the patriot's story,
Whose sword swept for freedom the fields of the sun!
Not with gold, nor with gems,
But with evergreens vernal,
And the banners of stars that the continent span,
Crown, crown we the chief of the heroes eternal,
Who lifted his sword for the birthright of man!

He gave us a nation; to make it immortal
He laid down for Freedom the sword that he drew,
And his faith leads us on through the uplifting portal
Of the glories of peace and our destinies new.
Not with gold, nor with gems,
But with evergreens vernal,

And the flags that the nations of liberty span,
Crown, crown him the chief of the heroes eternal,
Who laid down his sword for the birthright of man!

Lead, Face of the Future, serene in thy beauty,
Till o'er the dead heroes the peace star shall gleam,
Till Right shall be Might in the counsels of duty,
And the service of man be life's glory supreme.
Not with gold, nor with gems,
But with evergreens vernal,
And the flags that the nations in brotherhood span,
Crown, crown we the chief of the heroes eternal,
Whose honor was gained by his service to man!

O Spirit of Liberty, sweet as thy numbers!
The winds to thy banners their tribute shall bring
While rolls the Potomac where Washington slumbers,
And his natal day comes with the angels of spring.
We follow thy counsels,
O hero eternal!
To highest achievement the school leads the van,
And, crowning thy brow with the evergreen vernal,
We pledge thee our all to the service of man!

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

HAVE you seen, by Potomac, that shaft in the skies,
Soaring proud from the meadows to mate with the sun,
Now misty and gray as the clouds it defies,
Now bright in the splendor its daring has won?
The winds are its comrades, the lightning, the storm,
The first flush of dawn on its summit shines fair,
And the last ray of sunset illumines its form,
Towering grand and alone in the limitless air.

By Nile rise the pyramids, wrapped in the shades
  Of ages that passed as the waves on the shore,
And Karnak majestic, whose vast colonnades
  A god might have fashioned for man to adore;
And Baalbek uplifts, like a vision divine,
  Its wonder of beauty by Lebanon's wall;
But captive and slave reared in sorrow the shrine,
  The palace, the temple, the pyramid tall.

To freedom Potomac's proud obelisk towers,
  And Karnak and Baalbek in beauty outvies!
For Washington's glory its grandeur empowers,
  And freemen with joy piled its stones to the skies.
O symbol of liberty, matchless, sublime,
  Still soar from the meadows to mate with the sun,
And see thy republic, to uttermost time,
  The noble, the peerless, the many in one!

BECAUSE IT IS OUR FLAG

THEY'VE hung a big Old Glory on a rope across the street,
  And just to see it flutter puts a tickle in my feet,
And sends a crinkle up my back and down into each arm—
It makes me hear the bugle call and feel war's awful charm;
I hear the fife notes shrilling and the throbbing of the drum;
I hear the yell of battle as the thund'rous hoof-thuds come;
I see men's bodies falling, though their spirits never lag—
Such thrills as this run through me when I see that swaying flag!

Look—look! The breeze has caught it up and holds it, while the sun
Sets all its stripes a-glitter, while the ripples race and run!
The glory of those ruddy bands shut in by lanes of white
Floods all my dusky deskroom with a lingering, loving light;
I drop my work enraptured; while, to break that magic spell,

I doff my hat and wave it with a loud ecstatic yell—
I love that flag! I love it with a love 'twould dare and die—
God bless those glorious stripes and stars flung out against
the sky!

I love it as did Francis Key, who penned th' immortal song;
I love it with a fervor that can never think it wrong;
I love it for the freedom it has given unto men;
I love it for its beauty, for its gracefulness, and then
I love it with the patriot love that never wonders why,
But sheds hot tears whene'er those folds he sees athwart the
sky;
I love it for the lessons it has taught to men of brag—
But, most of all, I love it just because it is our flag!

—*Baltimore American*

WASHINGTON

D. H. BOLLES

TRANSCENDENT man! His mortal part
Has long since passed our ken,
Yet face and form, by painter's art,
Are made to live again.

What majesty imbued that form!
What grandeur marked that brow!
Sure nature never did perform
Her noble work till now.

She lent to it her utmost skill,
Her touch, firm, but elastic,
And, as her crowning act of will,
She used her choicest plastic.

The people leaned on his great arm;
He bade the nation live.
He was their rock in war's alarm,
Their safe alternative.

He moved through scenes of waste and war,
  Pitying yet serene;
Heart-wrung was he, but yet needs wore
  A firm and steadfast mien.

When peace ensued, the wasted land
  Involved e'en greater care;
Th' appalling task made stern demand
  For all his wisdom rare.

This nation is an object proof
  Of what the man has done;
Of what he was it is enough
  To name it, "Washington."

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

ARTHUR J. BURDICK

ALL honor to that day which long ago
  Gave birth to him who Freedom's cause espoused;
Who, by his ardor in the sacred fight,
  The fire and strength of patriots aroused;
Who knew no master, save that One divine
  Whose strength was his, who knew no fear, save one—
The fear of doing wrong! All hail the day
  That gave to Freedom's cause George Washington.

Years come and go, and generations fall
  Into the dust. The world its heroes gives.
They step upon the stage, then pass away
  And are no more, but Freedom ever lives.
And while it lives, and while its banner bright
  Is upward flung into the golden sun,
Within the heart of every freeman's child
  Will live that honored name, George Washington.

Then honor to the day that gave him birth,
For it is also Freedom's natal day.
Let all who worship Freedom's cause stand forth
And to his memory their homage pay.
And let each loyal son the work take up—
For, know ye, Freedom's work is never done—
And greater, grander, build the edifice
Begun so long ago by Washington.

THE CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON

J. R. GREEN

A READING, arranged for three pupils (or as desired), from GREEN'S SHORT HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE.

NO NOBLER figure ever stood in the forefront of a nation's life. Washington was grave and courteous in address; his manners were simple and unpretending; his silence and the serene calmness of his temper spoke of a perfect self-mastery; but there was little in his outer bearing to reveal the grandeur of soul which lifts his figure with all the simple majesty of an ancient statue out of the smaller passions, the meaner impulses of the world around him.

It was only as the weary fight went on that the colonists learned, little by little, the greatness of their leader—his clear judgment, his heroic endurance, his silence under difficulties, his calmness in the hour of danger or defeat; the patience with which he waited, the quickness and hardness with which he struck, the lofty and serene sense of duty that never swerved from its task through resentment or jealousy, that never, through war or peace, felt the touch of a meaner ambition; that knew no aim save that of guarding the freedom of his fellow-countrymen, and no personal

longing save that of returning to his own fireside when their freedom was secured.

It was almost unconsciously that men learned to cling to Washington with a trust and faith such as few other men have won, and to regard him with reverence which still hushes us in the presence of his memory.

THE CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON

HENRY CABOT LODGE

FOR many years I have studied minutely the career of Washington, and with every step the greatness of the man has grown upon me; for analysis has failed to discover the act of his life which, under the conditions of the time, I could unhesitatingly pronounce to have been an error. Such has been my experience, and, although my deductions may be wrong, they at least have been carefully and slowly made. I see in Washington a great soldier, who fought a trying war to a successful end impossible without him; a great statesman, who did more than all other men to lay the foundations of a republic which has endured in prosperity for more than a century. I find in him a marvelous judgment, which was never at fault, a penetrating vision which beheld the future of America when it was dim to other eyes, a great intellectual force, a will of iron, an unyielding grasp of facts, and an unequaled strength of patriotic purpose. I see in him, too, a pure and high-minded gentleman of dauntless courage and stainless honor, simple and stately of manner, kind and generous of heart. Such he was in truth. The historian and the biographer may fail to do him justice, but the instinct of mankind will not fail. The real hero needs not books to give him worshipers. George Washington will always receive the love and reverence of men, because they see embodied in him the noblest possibilities of humanity.

WASHINGTON'S DEVOTION TO HIS COUNTRY

SAMUEL ELIOT

AN EXTRACT from the author's CHARACTERIZATION OF WASHINGTON.

HIS devotion to his country will be revered throughout all history. The individual virtue, the personal sacrifice, the kindliness of sympathy that mingled with fortitude and strictness of duty, the incomparable honor to which he clung and would have his countrymen cling, the devotion to country, the consecration to humanity, the ennobled and ennobling walk with God—these are successes, these are victories, which this signal example of them all is still renewing and will continue to renew throughout posterity.

God has given this nation many precious gifts; but the chief gift of all, the one, we may say, which has added something to every other one, is the gift of this great soldier, this great statesman, this great and good man, the greatest of all Americans, past, present—past, if not to come. Our heritage from him is illustrious above all others.

WASHINGTON'S MAXIMS

Selections

WRITTEN when but thirteen years of age.

BE NOT hasty to believe flying reports to the disparagement of anyone.

Be no flatterer.

Mock not, nor jest at anything of importance.

Undertake not what you cannot perform, but be careful to keep your promises.

Show not yourself glad at the misfortunes of another, though he were your enemy.

When a man does all he can though he succeed not well, blame not him that did it.

Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience.

Whenever you reprove another be not blamable yourself, for example is more prevalent than precept.

Associate yourself with men of good quality, if you esteem your own reputation, for it is better to be alone than in bad company.

Whisper not in the company of others.

Read no letters, books, or papers in company.

Every action in company ought to be some sign of respect to those present.

Come not near the books or writings of anyone so as to read them unasked.

Speak no evil of the absent, for it is unjust.

Speak no evil, of the absent, for it is unjust.

Let your conversation be without malice or envy.

Be not apt to relate news if you know not the truth thereof.

Speak not in an unknown tongue in company, but in your own language.

Use no reproachful language against anyone, neither curse, nor revile.

When another speaks be attentive yourself, and disturb not the audience.

In the presence of others sing not to yourself with a humming noise, nor drum with your fingers or feet.

Turn not your back to others when speaking; jog not the table or desk on which another reads or writes.

Think before you speak.

Speak no evil of the absent, for it is unjust.

Keep nails, hands and teeth clean.

Be not angry at table, no matter what happens.

Make friends with those of good character: it is better to be alone than in bad company.

Undertake not to do what you cannot perform, but be careful to keep your promise.

Let your heart feel for the afflictions and distresses of everyone.

Ingratitude, I hope, will never constitute a part of my character, nor find a place in my bosom.

To persevere in one's duty and to be silent is the best answer to calumny.

I never wish to promise more than I have a moral certainty of performing.

It is a maxim with me not to ask what, under similar circumstances, I would not grant.

Be courteous to all, but intimate with few; and let those be well tried before you give them your confidence.

A good character is the first essential in a man. It is, therefore, highly important to endeavor not only to be learned but virtuous.

HONOR THE WOMEN TOO

A GIRL'S speech on Washington's Birthday.

THEY are honoring to-day throughout the land George Washington, the Revolutionary hero, our country's Father; his praises are on everyone's tongue. And well may his name be handed down with the greatest reverence from generation to generation.

Yet in recounting all his glories won, what he and his soldiers suffered and endured for our prosperity, nothing has been said of the brave women who suffered as much as they, and were as brave as they. While men suffered in service, the wives, mothers and children were suffering cold and hunger at home, and were fearful lest at any time their lifeless bodies be thrown into the roadside, and their scalps adorn the home of the red-skin.

The murder of Jennie McCrea is only one instance out of many, in which a scalp and glossy tresses were all that remained to some bereaved one of the loved ones at home.

And some women were in actual service. Enough could

not be said in the praise of poor Moll Pitcher, who, when her husband fell, took his place at the gun, and, declaring she would avenge his death, fought her piece like a hero to the last.

And when the English came over to help Burgoyne carry on what they supposed would be his victorious campaign, many of the men of rank were accompanied by their families. A touching case of this description was that of General Riedesel accompanied by his wife and three children. While in a house in Saratoga the baroness and her three children, together with three British ladies, were compelled to take refuge in the cellar, and remained concealed six days. The Americans mistaking the house for the headquarters of some of the British officers, watched it closely, and the ladies suffered much in consequence.

While we are honoring the men who fought and died for our country's freedom, let us not forget the women who suffered and died in the same cause. All honor be to Washington and his brave followers; and to the women who lived in those times as well. Let their names be written on tablets of stone, and their memory dwell in our hearts forever!

TRIBUTES TO WASHINGTON

FIRST in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen, he was second to none in the humble and endearing scenes of his private life.

—*Richard Henry Lee*

THOSE whose lives are pure and true
Shall be a help to me and you;
We'll be the better for this one—
The great, brave, noble Washington.

JUST honor to Washington can only be rendered by observing his precepts and imitating his example.

—*Robert C. Winthrop*

SAIL, oh ship, across the billows,
And bear the story far,
How he sleeps beneath the willows—
First in peace and first in war.
Tell while sweet adieux are swelling
Till you come again,
He within the hearts is dwelling
Of his loving countrymen.

NO ARCH nor column, in courtly English or courtlier Latin, sets forth the needs and the worth of the Father of his Country. He needs them not; the unwritten benedictions of millions cover all the walls (Mount Vernon). No gilded dome swells from the lowly roof to catch the morning or evening beam; but the love and gratitude of united America settle upon it in one eternal sunshine.

—Edward Everett

HE WAS, indeed, in every sense of the word, a wise, a good, and a great man.

—Thomas Jefferson

NO MAN ever stood for so much to his country and to mankind as George Washington. Blot out from the page of history the names of all the great actors of his time in the drama of nations, and preserve the name of Washington, and the century would be renowned.

—Chauncey M. Depew

WASHINGTON, dearest and best of our race,
Thy needs through the night clouds of ages shall lighten!
Thy name on his banner the soldier shall trace
To hallow his death, or his triumph to brighten.

—Charles Sprague

POSTERITY will talk of Washington with reverence as the founder of a great empire, when my name shall be lost in the vortex of revolution.

—Napoleon Bonaparte

WHERE may the wearied eye repose,
When gazing on the great;
Where neither guilty glory glows
Nor despicable state.
Yes, one—the first, the last, the best,
The "Cincinnatus of the West,"
Whom envy dare not hate,
Bequeathed the name of Washington
To make man blush there was but one.

—Lord Byron

WASHINGTON is the purest figure in human history.

—W. E. Gladstone

GOD of our sires and sons,
Let other Washingtons
Our country bless,
And, like the brave and wise
Of bygone centuries,
Show that true greatness lies
In righteousness.

—John Pierpont

AMERICA has furnished to the world the character of Washington. And if our American institutions had done nothing else, that alone would have entitled them to the respect of mankind.

—Daniel Webster

THE value of Washington to his country transcends that of any other man to any land.

—George W. Curtis

THIS great man fought against tyranny; he established the liberty of his country. His memory will always be dear to the French people, as it will be to all free men of the two worlds.

—Benjamin Franklin

WASHINGTON launched the noble Ship of State
Which Lincoln piloted through Seas of Fate;
Longfellow's song revived her drooping crew
And Lowell's verse filled them with courage new.
—*Clarendon*

VIRGINIA gave us this imperial man
Cast in the massive mold
Of those high-statured ages old
Which into grander forms our mortal metal ran.
—*Lowell*

WASHINGTON is the mightiest name on earth—long since mightiest in the cause of civil liberty, still mightiest in moral reformation. * * * To add brightness to the sun or glory to the name of Washington are alike impossible. Let none attempt it. In solemn awe pronounce the name, and in its naked, deathless splendor leave it shining on.
—*Lincoln*

ETERNITY alone can reveal to the human race its debt of gratitude to the peerless and immortal name of Washington.
—*Garfield*

HAIL, patriot chief, all hail! Historic Fame
In purest gold hath traced thy glorious name!
Earth has Niagara, the sky its sun,
And proud mankind its only Washington.

HE LIVES! ever lives in the hearts of the free;
The wing of his fame spreads across the broad sea;
He lives where the banner of freedom's unfurled,
The pride of his country, the wealth of the world.

THE character of Washington—in war, in peace, and in private life, the most sublime on historical record.
—*William H. Prescott*

WASHINGTON'S fame will go on increasing until the brightest constellation in yonder heavens is called by his name.

—Thomas Jefferson

NEVER did I behold so superb a man.

—Lafayette

A CHARACTER of virtues so happily tempered by one another and so wholly unalloyed by any vices, is hardly to be found in the pages of history.

—Charles James Fox

GLORY, that blatant word which haunts some military minds like the bray of the trumpet, formed no part of his aspirations. To act justly was his instinct, to promote the public weal his constant effort, to deserve the "affection of good men" his ambition.

—Washington Irving

I HAVE a large acquaintance among the most valuable and exalted classes of men, but you are the only human being for whom I ever felt an awful reverence. I sincerely pray God to grant a long and serene evening to a life so gloriously devoted to the universal happiness of the world.

—Lord Chancellor Erskine

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY IN THE KINDERGARTEN

FOR A WHOLE SCHOOL

MIRA CLARKE PARSONS

A COSTUME exercise for one little boy and one little girl, dressed as George and Martha Washington, and any number of little tots for the verse to be recited in concert. The two children in costumes enter at either side of stage, or march together from seats to platform.

GEORGE WASHINGTON [*bowing*]:

I'm the *father* of our country,
See, I make my bow;
Birthdays come so very often!
Don't you think so, now?

MARTHA WASHINGTON [*curtseying*]:

I'm the *mother* of our country,
As you plainly see!
Why not keep a little birthday
Only once, for me!

CHILDREN [*rising*]:

We, the *children* of our country,
Bid you welcome here;
We will always keep your birthdays:—
Come again next year.
[*The little couple bow and go out.*]

WASHINGTON DAY IN THE PRIMARY ROOM

AN ACROSTIC AND SONGS ADAPTED TO OLD TUNES
FOR ANY NUMBER OF CHILDREN

LAURA R. SMITH

TEN little girls carrying flags and bearing letters to spell the word "Washington" recite.

W: We come to-day to celebrate,
The birth of one both good and great.

A: All the children gladly say:
For Washington the banners sway.

S: So, everywhere, the children come,
With evergreen, with flag and drum.

H: He was our honored President,
To him, to-day, our love is sent.

I: In peace or war, command he gave,
He was a leader true and brave.

N: Now, to-day, we gladly come,
To speak the name of Washington.

G: For him the bonnie banners gay
In every school their colors sway.

T: Though our hero now is gone,
We still will honor Washington.

O: Oh, may old glory, bright and gay,
Wave for our Washington to-day.

N: Now, little hands, bring tributes, too,
We bear the red, and white and blue.

ALL: We'll crown you now with stripes and stars
O, noble Washington,
With bonnie white and crimson bars,
O, noble Washington,

We'll wave the flags: red, white, and blue,
For all our heroes brave and true,
To Washington great honor is due,
Our noble Washington.

[*Wave flags and place them beside Washington's picture.*]

[*Enter any number of little boys dressed as soldiers, carrying toy guns, drums, small flags, toy trumpets, etc., led by a* CAPTAIN *and* FLAG-BEARER. *Behind these may trail other little boys and girls. All sing*]:

LITTLE SOLDIERS

Tune: YANKEE DOODLE

O rat-a-tat, the soldiers come,
Guns and drums and flags bringing,
Of Washington, to-day, you know,
The children all are singing.

Chorus:
Raise the banners everywhere,
How we love Old Glory,
Of the famous cherry-tree,
You all have heard the story.

O rat-a-tat, we march along,
With all our banners flying,
To be like General Washington,
The soldier boys are trying.
Chorus.

YOUNG SOLDIERS

FOR FIVE SMALL BOYS

FIRST BOY [*with sword*]:
I'm the captain, big and bold;
My soldiers do what they are told.

SECOND BOY [*with flag*]:
I hold the flag, and wave it so;
Where the captain leads I'm sure to go.

THIRD BOY [*with drum*]:
I'm the drummer; when I drum
The folks all shout, "Oh, here they come!"

FOURTH BOY [*with gun*]:
I can shoot; see my big gun;
And don't I make the rebels run!

FIFTH BOY [*with trumpet*]:
I have a horn; I blow it loud,
Because I like to draw a crowd.

CAPTAIN:
Attention, all! We'll march away!
For we are soldiers, brave and gay.
[*March off, with drum beating, flag waving, etc.*]

WHAT SHOULD HAVE HAPPENED

A MOTION EXERCISE FOR SEVEN LITTLE GIRLS; WITH DRILL, WHICH MAY BE OMITTED, IF PREFERRED

CLARA J. DENTON

EACH girl carries in her right hand a small hatchet. These can sometimes be obtained from a local dealer, in return for the advertising thereby gained. Or they may be cut from cardboard or light wood.

If there is a curtain the children are discovered drawn up in line at front of stage. If a curtain is not available let the children march to the front of stage in time to lively music.

FIRST GIRL:
Since George chopped down the cherry tree,
A very naughty boy was he.
No cherry pie should he have had,
If *I* had been his dear old dad.

SECOND GIRL:

For Georgie dear, no cherry pie
To eat as dragged the long days by.
To others, cherry pie so rare—
Dried apple pie as George's share.

THIRD GIRL:

Now, had I been in George's place,
I'd not have fallen in disgrace.
I'd just have cut the kindling wood,
And had good pie, as *good* boys should.

FOURTH GIRL:

Dried apple pie will do, 'tis true,
When nothing else is tempting you—
But dreadful is dried apple pie,
When one of cherries stands close by.

FIFTH GIRL:

Now, don't you think this would have made
George careful with his hatchet blade,
And every cherry tree around
Have kept from danger, safe and sound?

SIXTH GIRL:

I wish I had been there to see!
Such fun it would have been for me,
Could I have been just standing by
While Georgie ate dried apple pie.

SEVENTH GIRL:

You say next time a story sad
He would have told his dear old dad,
But this he never could have done
Because he was a *Washington.*

ALL [*recite with motions**]:

Now, if *you* [1] had a hatchet small,
I'm sure no harm you'd [1] do at all.

O no, you'd never [2] chop, chop, chop,
Till someone cried: [3] O stop, stop, stop.

And George was old enough to know
'Twas wrong to [4] strike a tree a blow.
But George, you see, like boys to-day—
Girls, too, sometimes, 'tis sad to say—
Had that complaint called "didn't think,"
Which acts as quick [5] as eyes can wink,
And when was done the deed so bold,
Of course the truth must all be told.

For [6] cutting kindling, hatchets small
Are good; [7] but not for trees so tall,
Since all the truth you must declare,
Of things you do: [8] take care! take care!
So these two lessons learned, may be
From George's hatchet—[9] which you see—
So let it plainly say to you,
"Give me the work I'm meant to do."

If George this truth had mastered well,
No little tale we'd had to tell:
And so I'm sure you'll thankful be
To Georgie and the cherry tree.

CURTAIN

* MOTIONS TO BE GIVEN WITH ABOVE VERSES

1. Point at someone in audience.
2. Make motions with hatchet as if chopping a tree.
3. Throw out left hand.
4. Motion of striking tree one blow with the hatchet.
5. All wink eyes.
6. Each child bends over and makes motion with hatchet as if cutting kindling.
7. Put hatchet on shoulder and shake head.
8. Shake left forefinger impressively.
9. Hold up hatchet.

DRILL

WALTZ MUSIC.

1. Hatchets held against right shoulders; mark time for six beats.
2. Repeat on left shoulders.
3. Drop hatchets to floor.
4. Recover hatchets.
5. Hold hatchets by both hands, left hands clasping handles, right holding heads; mark time through six beats.
6. Reverse position of hatchets, mark time through six beats.
7. Holding handles of hatchets with heads down, swing in time to music through six beats.
8. Strike heads of hatchets on floor six times, in time to music.
9. Repeat with left hands.
10. Place hatchets on floor horizontally in front of feet.
11. March backward to rear of stage.
12. Right about face, sides to audience.
13. Forward march in single file, first girl picks up hatchet at end of line, next girl next one until all are recovered; then continue march around stage again and back to first position, hatchets swinging carelessly in right hands.
14. Mark time through six beats.
15. Place hatchets against right shoulders.
16. Take hatchets in left hands, hold heads of same against foreheads, mark time through six beats.
17. Take hatchets in right hands, place the hatchet-heads against breasts and mark time through six beats.
18. Place left hands at end of handles, raise arms to full height, mark time through six beats.
19. Drop right hands, still holding hatchets, at sides, march to seats.

THE MAKING OF "OLD GLORY"

AN EXERCISE FOR EIGHT SMALL BOYS

CLARA J. DENTON

Directions

THE boys are discovered drawn up in line at front of stage. A curtain is necessary in giving this exercise, because the boys conceal behind their backs the articles which they are to show, and marching to the platform would, of course, reveal the things carried.

List of Articles Needed

1. A picture of the home of Betsy Ross.
2. A large card bearing the name "Betsy Ross" in plain letters. (There is no authentic picture of this noted woman.)

3. A picture of General Washington.
4. A large six-pointed star.
5. A pair of scissors.
6 A large five-pointed star.
7. A sewing needle and a long white thread.
8. An American flag.

As each boy begins his lines he holds up in his right hand the article to which he refers.

FIRST BOY:

This is the house neither fine nor high,
Which the heedless crowds passed quickly by.

SECOND BOY:

This is the seamstress, so young and bright,*
Who toiled all day and late in the night,
Within the house, neither fine nor high,
Which the heedless crowds passed quickly by.

THIRD BOY:

This is the General, brave and true,
Who ruled so well the patriots few,
Who came to the seamstress, young and bright,
Who toiled all day and late in the night,
Within the house, neither fine nor high,
Which the heedless crowds passed quickly by.

FOURTH BOY:

This is the star you have heard about,†
With its six sharp points all turning out,
Brought by the General, brave and true,
Who ruled so well the patriots few,
To the patient seamstress, young and bright, etc.
[*Repeat the three lines of preceding.*]

---

* BETSY ROSS (or Mrs. John Ross, perhaps more properly), the widow of John Ross, an upholsterer, was at this time about twenty-five years of age.

† IN THE ENCYCLOPEDIC DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN REFERENCE, by J. FRANKLIN JAMESON, PH. D., and J. W. BUEL, PH. D., VOL. 2, p. 408, may be found the following sentence:

"The stars drawn by Washington had six points, noticing which,

FIFTH BOY:

These are the scissors, so sharp and true,
Which did the work they were meant to do,
Changing the star you have heard about,
With its six sharp points all turning out, etc.
[*Repeat as before.*]

SIXTH BOY:

Another star I will show to you,
It has five good points all plain to view,
Cut by the scissors, so sharp and true,
Which did the work they were meant to do
Upon the star you have heard about, etc.

SEVENTH BOY:

This is the needle and this is the thread
Which in and out through the bunting sped,
Sewing the star we have shown to you,
With its five good points all plain to view,
Cut by the scissors, so sharp and true, etc.

EIGHTH BOY:

This is the beautiful flag which grew
From their work and thought, to shelter you,

Made by the needle and by the thread,
Which in and out through the bunting sped,
Sewing the stars we have shown to you,
With its five good points all plain to view, etc.

ALL [*in unison*]:

To-day, good people the ocean cross
To see the old home of Betsy Ross.
While the Stars and Stripes in glory live
To Betsy Ross we will honor give.

Betsy suggested that they should have only five, and to show how easy it was to make a star of five points, she quickly folded a piece of paper and with a single clip of the scissors displayed a perfectly formed five-pointed star."

A PRIMARY HISTORY LESSON

FOR SIXTEEN PUPILS

A PROSE exercise and acrostic for small children. If desired, the pieces may be written out and read by the pupils instead of being memorized and recited.

G: Great, good and noble was our Washington. He it is of all our great men whom we delight to honor. He was the son of a planter, and was born at Bridges Creek, Westmoreland County, Virginia. Though we are little children, we know much of his greatness and wisdom. Listen while we tell you what we know of his noble deeds and wise sayings.

E: Every one knows that he was an honest, truthful boy—who has not heard the story of his "little hatchet?" He was always brave and true in every act of his eventful life, and every one knew he was a man to be trusted.

O: Once when he was a young man, he went on a long and dangerous journey, to carry an important message which concerned his country. He was many days making the journey, and was often in danger of being killed by the Indians, for his way lay through a lonely wilderness. On his way back home his horse gave out, and he had to walk the rest of the way home. Was he not a brave youth?

R: Remember how he was chosen to take the head of our armies, when we determined to be a free and independent country. How wisely he planned every action. Have we all not heard of his great love and sympathy for his soldiers, sharing with them every privation and hardship during the terrible winter at Valley Forge?

G: General Washington became President when the battles for our freedom were all fought, and peace reigned again. He was our President eight years, during which time he proved to be as great in council and peace as he had been

wise in war. He retired to his country home, Mt. Vernon, after serving two terms and having won the love and admiration of all the American people.

E: Every one knows how he courted and won the fair Martha Custis. It is said he never failed to keep his word but once in his life, and this is how it came about: He stopped to dine with his friend, Mr. Chamberlain, but saying as he alighted from his horse, that he must be excused immediately after dinner, as he had a pressing engagement elsewhere. So he told old Peter, his body servant, to have the horses ready, that they might suffer no delay. When he met Mrs. Custis inside the house, he became very much enamored, and old Peter waited in vain for his master to come that afternoon, and it is said that the sun was high in the heavens before Washington left that house next day.

W: Washington, when only thirteen years old, drew a set of rules or maxims for his future conduct. One was, "When you speak of God, or his attributes, do it seriously, in reverence and in honor." Washington was a Christian gentleman.

A: Another rule was, "Speak no evil of the absent, for it is unjust," and "Speak not injurious words, neither in jest nor in earnest." "Scoff at none, though they give occasion." "Associate yourself with men of good quality if you esteem your own reputation, for it is better to be alone than in bad company."

S: So now we have learned that Washington never went into the company of bad boys, or used bad words. He was a very industrious boy, too, for his teachers all said he was a good student. If he had not used his time well at school, he could never have become such a great and useful man.

H: He was in every sense of the word a wise, good and great man. It is said his personal appearance was very fine; he was six feet tall, and well proportioned. He was

very erect, and easy in his manner, and his eyes were blue, and his hair brown. He was a fine horseman, and never looked more handsome than when mounted on his favorite horse.

I: In his home life, he was admired and loved by all. His adopted daughter, Nellie Custis, was very dear to him. He always had a smile for her, however tired and anxious he might be. She would stand on tiptoe, hold on to the button of his coat, and whisper in his ear her girlish secrets. His adopted son was also very dear to him, and regarded him with love and reverence.

N: Now there is something I want to tell about Washington, that every boy should know. Once he invited some friends to dine with him, and while at the table one of his guests uttered an oath. General Washington dropped his knife and fork in disgust, and said in calm, quiet tones: "I thought I had invited only gentlemen to dine with me!"

G: Great generosity was shown in this fact: When he was made Commander-in-Chief of the Colonial forces during the revolutionary war, he would accept no salary beyond his necessary expenses.

T: The people of our country seek to honor Washington by naming for him the highest mountains, fair cities, and their children. All over the country, monuments have been erected. At the city of Washington, our national capital, named for him, is a beautiful white monument, the highest and most costly of all.

O: On his death-bed he was calm and quiet, and said: "I die hard, but I am not afraid to go." He died the 14th of December, 1799, at the country home, Mount Vernon.

N: Not all can be as great as Washington, but all can seek to be as good, and it is better to be good than great. For his greatness Washington was admired, but for his goodness, he was both admired and loved.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

AN EXERCISE FOR FIVE SMALL BOYS

M. ALICE BRYANT

LET each boy hold in his right hand a card with date, lifting it high during his recitation.

1732:
In seventeen hundred thirty-two
George Washington was born;
Truth, goodness, skill and glory high,
His whole life did adorn.

1775:
In seventeen hundred seventy-five,
The chief command he took
Of all the army in the State,
Who ne'er his flag forsook.

1783:
In seventeen hundred eighty-three,
Retired to private life,
He saw his much-loved country free
From battle and from strife.

1789:
In seventeen hundred eighty-nine
The country, with one voice,
Proclaimed him President, to shine,
Blessed by the people's choice.

1799:
In seventeen hundred ninety-nine
The Nation's tears were shed,
To see the Patriot life resign,
And sleep among the dead.

ALL:
As "first in war, and first in peace,"
As patriot, father, friend—
He will be blessed till time shall cease,
And earthly life shall end.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

FOR SIXTEEN CHILDREN

AN ACROSTIC to be recited by sixteen primary or intermediate grade children, each wearing his letter on a card about his neck, with the wrong side of the card outermost. Each turns his card to display his letter with the first word of his recitation.

Great was the hero whose name we shall spell.
Eager to do his work nobly and well.
Orderly, too, in all of his ways.
Righteous was he to the end of his days.
Good, we are told, from his earliest youth.
Earnest his efforts for freedom and truth.

Wise with a wisdom sent from above.
Ardent his hope for the country we love.
Strong was his arm when in Liberty's fight.
Honest his purpose that *right* should be *might.*
Indomitable was his courage, we know.
Noble in thought his worthy deeds show.
Grand is the record that's left us to read.
True to his God and his country in need.
Obedient ever to duty's command.
None was so great in all of the land.

ALL: And now you may see, when our spelling is done,
We give you the name of *George Washington.*

THE THREE GEORGES

A DIALOGUE FOR SIX BOYS

CLARA J. DENTON

Characters

LORD FAIRFAX, a wealthy Englishman living in Virginia.
GEORGE FAIRFAX, his cousin.*
BRICE, Lord Fairfax's overseer.

* THE author has tampered somewhat with the facts of history in making George Fairfax so near the age of George Washington, and

GEORGE BROWN, son of a widow living on the Fairfax estate.
GEORGE WASHINGTON, guest of Lord Fairfax.
JULIUS CÆSAR, negro slave of Lord Fairfax.

Costumes and General Directions

LORD FAIRFAX wears a powdered wig, after the manner of the times, ruffled shirt bosom and cuffs, knee breeches, low shoes with large buckles, cutaway coat, etc. In arranging this costume consult a good English or American history which gives full length portraits of notable men living in the eighteenth century.

GEORGE WASHINGTON and GEORGE FAIRFAX wear knickerbockers and jackets, such as are worn by boys of fourteen or fifteen.

GEORGE BROWN should be barefoot and wear cheap but clean clothes. A large patch on front of coat would be effective.

BRICE wears a good, plain suit.

JULIUS CÆSAR wears overalls and jumper and a ragged straw hat.

The character of Lord Fairfax should be taken by a large, strongly-built boy. Brice should be larger than the other boys but not so large as Lord Fairfax.

George Washington and George Fairfax may be about the same size, for although the latter is represented as somewhat older, George Washington was unusually large and strong for his age.

The part of George Brown should be taken by a small boy.

Scenery

THE scene is supposed to take place out-of-doors. It may, therefore, be given on a plain stage, with some plants or evergreen boughs as decorations to give it an out-of-door appearance.

At the right-front is placed an old-fashioned arm chair. Near by is a plain wooden bench, on which lie a gun, powder-horn and other hunter's paraphernalia, all as old-fashioned and ancient-appearing as possible.

LORD FAIRFAX [*enters room, carrying open letter, comes down stage, stamping his feet and showing signs of anger*]: This is too much for human nature to bear patiently: to be

in bringing him to Virginia at so early an age. To atone for this free handling, the facts are here given:

George Fairfax was eight years the senior of George Washington He came to the home of his cousin in early manhood and undertook to survey the vast Fairfax estate. In this he was assisted by the young George Washington, who had long been a favorite with the old lord and who was often a guest at his stately home, Greenway Court.

obliged to set off for Alexandria on one of the finest hunting mornings that the world has ever seen. [*Sits in chair.*] Now let me see what that old rascal means! [*Spreads out letter.*] I can't understand his claim at all, but, of course, I must look into it.

[GEORGE FAIRFAX *enters at left; comes to bench.*

GEORGE FAIRFAX: Ah! off for a hunt I see, good cousin. [*Takes up gun and looks it over.*] That is a fine hunting-piece, indeed! I wish I might be going with you on this fine morning.

LORD FAIRFAX [*crossly*]: "Going with me!" Where are your eyes? Do I look as if I were setting out for the woods?

GEORGE FAIRFAX [*turning to him*]: Well, well, very true, but why these preparations? [*Lays down gun and points to other articles.*]

LORD FAIRFAX: I did so intend, but a courier came through this way and brought me a letter from a rascally lawyer in Alexandria, who says a client of his, another and a bigger rascal mayhap, lays claim to some hundred acres of my goodly estate, and is about to cut down the trees and otherwise despoil it so I must needs make a trip to Alexandria and by an injunction put a stop to his proceedings.

GEORGE FAIRFAX: But he has no right to the land, surely?

LORD FAIRFAX: Of course not! but haven't you lived long enough to know that people sometimes take things to which they have no right if they can get them? It behooves me therefore, to look after the matter. Also, I must see to having my lands surveyed. Hasten on with your studies and as soon as you and your friend George Washington are a little older I will set you at work here.

GEORGE FAIRFAX: That will be quite a while to wait, good cousin. Would it not be well to send to England for a competent surveyor to do this important work?

LORD FAIRFAX [*angrily*]: And lose half my estate by the rascality of a stranger? No, you ought to be ready in two years, and I know you will look well after my interests. George, who is a little younger than you, will be ready in that time to assist you, and I *know* that he is honest and that no rascal's gold would tempt him to lay the line out of its true course.

GEORGE FAIRFAX: Indeed, good cousin, those are true words.

LORD FAIRFAX: Heigho, but this is a strange world. It seems a quiet country gentleman cannot be left in peace. Some rascal is always trying to steal my land or to snare my game, until, I fear, if nothing is done to stop them, I shall be left in my old age penniless and——

GEORGE FAIRFAX: With nothing to shoot.

LORD FAIRFAX: Yes, that is it. I wonder if they have discovered anything yet about the one who has set those snares for my rabbits.

GEORGE FAIRFAX: I have heard nothing. It seems very strange that anyone should molest anything belonging to you, who are so kind and generous to the people of the whole country round.

LORD FAIRFAX: So it does, so it does. I mean to harm no one and would gladly give a rabbit, or a pheasant, or even a deer to anyone who is needy. [*Loud talking behind scenes.*] What is that? What is going on now, I wonder?

GEORGE FAIRFAX [*rising and looking off*]: Why, it is Brice, dragging a poor boy up here. What on earth can he be doing that for?

[*Enter* BRICE *dragging* GEORGE BROWN *by the coat-collar. Speaks to boy as he comes to front.*]

BRICE: Now, you thieving little rascal, we'll see if you'll go on this way any longer. We'll have you at the whipping

post, and then in the jail for a while. There, you young beggar, stand up here and answer the Lord's questions. [*Gives him a jerk which places him close to* LORD FAIRFAX. *Releases him and waits.*]

LORD FAIRFAX [*sternly*]: What does all this mean?

GEORGE FAIRFAX: Why, good cousin, 'tis little George Brown. A good lad, too, is he.

LORD FAIRFAX [*turning to* BRICE]: Why have you brought the lad here?

BRICE: For snaring your rabbits, my Lord.

LORD FAIRFAX: Snaring my rabbits! That child?

BRICE: He may be young in years, but he is old in cunning, my Lord.

LORD FAIRFAX [*kindly*]: How is it, my boy? Speak up: hast thou snared my rabbits?

GEORGE BROWN: No, my Lord, I have not.

BRICE: I caught him in the woods, my Lord, peering about under the bushes where the snares have been found.

[GEORGE WASHINGTON *enters at left and comes down slowly.*]

LORD FAIRFAX: What is thy name, lad, and where's thy home?

GEORGE BROWN: My name's George Brown, my Lord, and my mother rents your cottage.

LORD FAIRFAX: O, ho, that is who thou art! Thy father was an honest man.

GEORGE WASHINGTON [*turning toward* BROWN, *seemingly unaware of his predicament*]: What is the matter with thee, little George? Didst find thy turkey and her brood?

LORD FAIRFAX: What is this, George Washington? Do

you know this other George? And, what about his turkey?

GEORGE WASHINGTON: I know him well, my Lord. He is a good little chap. This morning early when I was coming home from my swim, I took a short cut through the woods and met him hunting for his one turkey which had wandered off with her brood of twenty little ones, which is a serious loss to his mother.

LORD FAIRFAX: Didst find thy turkey, little lad?

GEORGE BROWN: No, my Lord, and after I had eaten my bread and milk my mother sent me out again, and—and—[*Sobs.*]

LORD FAIRFAX [*to* GEORGE WASHINGTON]: You say you know the lad? Do you believe he tells the truth?

GEORGE WASHINGTON: I am sure of it: he is as honest as the sun.

BRICE [*aside*]: Of course he'd say he is honest, but the lad's father harmed me once and I must get even.

LORD FAIRFAX: What makes you think he is honest, George Washington?

GEORGE WASHINGTON: I can see it in his face.

LORD FAIRFAX: "Can see it in his face?" Can honesty be written on the face of a child like that?

GEORGE WASHINGTON: Why not, my Lord? Does not Solomon tell us that "Even a child is known by his doings," and, therefore, must it not show in his face?

LORD FAIRFAX: Perhaps thou are right, George Washington, for I know thou hast an honest soul and I can well believe that one honest soul can unerringly discover another one. But tell me, little lad, didst thou never snare my rabbits?

GEORGE BROWN: Truly, my Lord, I never did. I know not how to make a snare.

BRICE: I hope my Lord will give no heed to this denial for some older accomplice might make the snare and set it, sending the little chap to get the rabbits as less likely to be suspected.

LORD FAIRFAX: How is it, George Fairfax, is the boy telling the truth? Give us your opinion.

GEORGE FAIRFAX: I know he is, good cousin.

LORD FAIRFAX: Why so sure?

GEORGE FAIRFAX: Because George Washington says he is honest; that is enough for me.

LORD FAIRFAX: Come, you two Georges and stand beside the little lad. [*They obey, one standing on either side of* GEORGE BROWN, *who now holds up his head, smiling.* BRICE *stands behind them, frowning.*] Here are three Georges: one of them, George Washington, I know to be honest because he has been tried and proved; the other I believe to be honest, although he has not yet been tried; the third, I hope is honest, because he is a likely lad and looks true. Now, you may all go and don't forget this day's lesson. If you are honest, your face will show it; if you are not honest, by the same sign that will show, too. [*They turn away and go up together, talking to each other in whispers.* LORD FAIRFAX, *turning to* BRICE.] But, what is the matter, Brice? You look unhappy because the boy has been proved true.

BRICE: I cannot see that it has been proved, my Lord. I still think that the little chap was after my Lord's rabbits.

LORD FAIRFAX: Tut, tut, let me hear no more of that talk. [*Enter at right, running,* JULIUS CÆSAR.] What, now, Julius; bringing news? [JULIUS *stands puffing and all out of breath.*]

JULIUS CÆSAR [*breathlessly*]: O, O, Massa Fairfax, I done found de man what snare dem rabbits. [*All the characters show excitement at this.* BRICE *runs to* JULIUS, *and taking him by the collar shakes him, exclaiming:* "You black rascal!" LORD FAIRFAX *rises, exclaiming:* "What!" *The* THREE GEORGES *turn about and come down without a word.*] It am de gospel truf, Massa, dat what it am, I done seed 'im wif my own eyes.

LORD FAIRFAX: Where is he?

BRICE: Yes, where is he, that's the question!

JULIUS CÆSAR: He done got away from me, Massa; he mos' twict as big as me and he run jes' like a deer when he seed me, but Massa, he had two o' dem great big white rabbits unner his arm, an' I done seed 'im as plain as I see you this yere minute.

BRICE: Tell me how he looked.

JULIUS CÆSAR: He had long black hah an' a dahk skin, 'mos' a niggah, suah.

ALL: An Indian!

LORD FAIRFAX: I did not suppose there were any Indians around but the friendly ones, who I know would not steal from me.

GEORGE FAIRFAX: But, now, that he has been discovered, perhaps there will be no more of it. [BRICE *exits at right, stealthily.*]

LORD FAIRFAX: Let us hope not, but let us also be thankful that the real culprit has been discovered and that George Brown is now *proved* honest. Are you convinced, Brice, that the lad—— [*Looks around.*] O, he is gone. Why did he disappear so suddenly, I wonder?

GEORGE FAIRFAX: He has gone to catch the Indian, perhaps. [*Laughter.*]

LORD FAIRFAX: Not he. Men who capture little boys on faint suspicion do not chase Indians. [*Goes to* GEORGE WASHINGTON *and lays hand on his shoulder.*] But, George Washington, I am proud to see that thine eyes can discern an honest soul when appearances are adverse. This power, I am sure, comes only to the honest and true-hearted. It is a great power, my boy, and one that may yet serve thee well. May it ever be thine.

CURTAIN

A PAIR OF SCISSORS

A DIALOGUE FOR FIVE GIRLS WITH TABLEAU AT CLOSE

CLARA J. DENTON

Characters

ACHSAH HOPPER, ABIGAIL, DEBORAH, PRUDENCE, BETSY ROSS — Young Quaker matrons

Costumes and General Directions

ACCORDING to the time-honored custom among the Friends, all women, after marriage, wore the costume here described. This may be made of cheap material, gray in color, but in any shade of this color.

The skirt is straight and scant, just clearing the floor, waist plain, and tight-fitting sleeves, long and close. A shawl-shaped fichu of plain white book muslin folded double, with hem an inch wide, is worn over the waist. The cap is of the same material as the fichu; it fits around the head smoothly and has a full crown which stands well up at top of the head, but without fullness at sides; tie beneath the chin with strings of the muslin. Each one carries a little reticule, made of gray or black silk, very plain, no ornaments of any kind upon it.

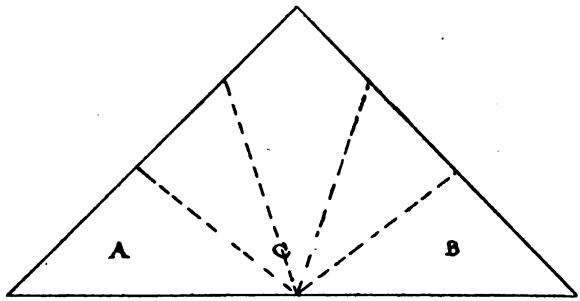
The characters all have work of some sort, in keeping with the times and their personalities. Knitting, ruffle or napkin-hemming,

sampler work, would be in keeping. Betsy Ross should be embroidering in white. The sampler should be a square piece of canvas on which the character should be working a narrow border of "cross-stitch," which can be learned in a few minutes from a teacher of "fancy work."

The scene takes place in the sitting-room of the hostess, Achsah. This interior must be severely plain in its furnishings. There are to be seen no pictures or other ornaments. A well-polished and old-fashioned table at the upper center should contain a few books. The chairs must be as plain as can be found, although they must not be shabby or cheap.

As it would no doubt be impossible in some localities to find the Quaker poke bonnets worn on the street by the women, the characters who arrive after the rising of the curtain are supposed to remove their outer garbs before entering the sitting-room.

When Betsy Ross demonstrates the making of the five-pointed star, she takes an old letter and a pair of scissors from her bag, cuts a perfect square, then folds the square diagonally (see illustration).



She then folds A over B to make a point at C. The folded edge of A should lie along the exact center of B. She then folds back evenly and cuts diagonally, downward, beginning at the lowest point on B. She then opens the folded paper, showing a five-pointed star.

NOTE: It will be noticed in the following dialogue that the characters do not use the "solemn style" with absolute correctness. This is the "Quaker vernacular," as it were. They use "thee" instead of the more correct and solemn "thou," as the "solemn form" of the verb is never used by them in ordinary conversation. For instance, instead of saying "Art thou going out?" they say, "Is thee going out?" etc.

Scene

ACHSAH, Abigail and Deborah are discovered. Achsah is knitting, Abigail is hemming a ruffle and Deborah is making a "sampler."

ACHSAH: I see thee is beginning a sampler, friend Deborah; surely thy little girl is not old enough yet for such work?

DEBORAH: O, no, hardly yet, although I think next year I shall begin one for her. She is very deft, indeed, with her fingers. I am getting this ready for a little neighbor-girl, whose mother is an invalid, and the little one spends most of her time running about the streets. I thought it would be good for her to have some regular employment.

ABIGAIL: Thee was ever full of good deeds, friend Deborah.

ACHSAH: But will a child who has so long followed her own way be willing to set stitches in canvas?

DEBORAH: O, yes, I think so. I showed her the sampler which I made when a child and she said without any hint from me, that she should like to make one just like it. They are of the world's people, but the child is fond of me and comes to me often for Bible stories. Last second day, I went to the house and borrowed her for the entire day. She seems handy with the needle and I am thinking I can teach her to become even more so.

ABIGAIL: It is, indeed, a most necessary art for a girl to possess. I know not what should become of a maiden who hath it not in a measure.

ACHSAH: And those who have it in a large measure are, indeed, most fortunate.

ABIGAIL: Thee speaks the truth. Think of friend Betsy Ross. Much good money will this new business bring to her. [*Knocking behind scenes.*] Does thee expect other visitors to-day, friend Achsah?

ACHSAH: Yea, and a surprise for thee! I know not who it is that has knocked, but Hannah is a good servant and knows her business. The newcomer will be attended to and shown in to the room properly.

[*Enter* PRUDENCE. *All rise.* PRUDENCE *shakes hands with* ACHSAH, *saying:* "How does thee do, friend Achsah," *who responds,* "Right well, friend Prudence, and hope thee is the same." PRUDENCE *responds,* "Right well, thank thee." *This business is repeated with all the guests.* PRUDENCE *is seated and takes out her work.*]

DEBORAH: We were just speaking as thee came in, friend Prudence, of friend Betsy Ross and her great good fortune. Has thee seen her since her commission from the great General?

PRUDENCE: Nay, but she does well deserve this honor. She has worked hard since the death of good friend Ross, at his upholstering business, and truly we are all glad of the honor paid to her.

ACHSAH: Yea, yea, but I wonder how it happened that the great General knew of her, for their shop hath ever been an humble one and the General, it is said, has ever mixed with the gentry of this land as well as with the fine lords and ladies who have come from over seas.

PRUDENCE: What, has thee never heard how he chanced to give the commission to friend Betsy Ross?

ALL: Nay, nay, tell us if thee knows. [*All lay down work and draw close to* PRUDENCE.]

PRUDENCE: It was when the General came to the meetings at Philadelphia, thee knows, sent by the good people of his colony. He needed some ruffles embroidered for his shirt bosom, for thee must know the General was ever a careful man in his dress. Some one told him that friend Betsy had great skill with the needle. He employed her

and found her reputation so true that now he has given her this great commission.*

DEBORAH: It is well for her that she ever does good work.

ACHSAH: So it is, indeed. Had she taken long stitches in her hurry to finish the General's work, some one else would have made this wonderful flag. [*Loud knocking.*]

PRUDENCE: Still other guests, friend Achsah. Surely thee is very festive to-day.

ACHSAH: Yes, and now there is to be a great surprise for all of thee.

ABIGAIL: Perhaps it is the General coming to tea. [*Laughter.*]

DEBORAH: Indeed, no; the General would be lost in a company of Quaker dames.

PRUDENCE: That he would. There are no finer ladies in old England, they tell me, than the friends of his gay and handsome wife. [BETSY ROSS *enters at right.*]

ACHSAH: Then, since we cannot have the General, here is the good dame who embroidered his ruffles. [*All crowd around* BETSY ROSS. *Former "business" of greetings repeated.* BETSY *is seated and takes out embroidery.*]

BETSY ROSS: Truly it was an honor great to make the General's ruffles fine, with neat stitches, but greater yet is the honor to have made a new flag for a new country.

ABIGAIL: But tell us, friend Betsy, we have heard that the General bought thee a six-pointed star, but that thee did not like it, and asked him to let thee use a five-pointed one. Why was that? It truly seems as if thee must have had a reason.

---

* SEE HISTORY OF THE FLAG OF THE UNITED STATES by GEORGE HENRY PREBLE, p. 266.

BETSY ROSS: That I did. Know thee not that it is the country of England alone which uses the six-pointed star? All other European countries use the five-pointed star, and it is better for this new country to be with the majority.*

ALL: So it is, so it is.

DEBORAH: Thee is a wise woman, friend Betsy, and the great General was wiser yet to give thee the commission.

BETSY ROSS: Methinks he could not be great if he were not a good judge of men.

PRUDENCE: And of seamstresses too. [*Laughter.*]

ABIGAIL: Yes, thee is right, friend Prudence. Had he chosen a blundering dame to make his great flag it would have shown the six-pointed stars to the world.

DEBORAH: But, friend Betsy, where did thee learn this trick of making the five-pointed star? Surely, it is no easy matter to cut one. I have tried it many times but in vain. The English kind is easily made, but, the other, that is indeed a serious task. [BETSY *cuts the five-pointed star as described in the general directions and holds it up to view. All exclaim,* Ah! *as in surprise.*]

PRUDENCE: But, friend Betsy, has thee never thought the flag thee's making must go into battle and as a true Friend and a member of the Arch street meeting how can thee lend thy aid to war?

BETSY ROSS: I didn't make the war, I only made the flag. [*Laughter.*] Then, again, the flag is but now finished, and it may be before it is carried away peace may be declared.

PRUDENCE: Ah! Betsy, thee did ever have a nimble wit to get thee out of corners. Let us hope thee is right and that

* SEE footnote under THE MAKING OF "OLD GLORY," p. 64, also PREBLE'S HISTORY, p. 265.

peace will soon be declared. [*Loud knocking.*] What, more guests, good Achsah?

ACHSAH: Nay, nay, I expect no more; if thee will pardon me I will look after this myself. [*Exit at right, hurriedly.*]

DEBORAH: The afternoon is nearly gone. I will put by my work.

PRUDENCE: It is well said, I will do the same. Our fingers have been as busy as our tongues; see I have done all that. [*Shows work.*]

ABIGAIL: I, too, have earned a rest. See. [*Shows her work.*]

BETSY ROSS: I am lonesome without my work. Nevertheless, I cannot work when the rest are idle. [*Enter* ACHSAH, *holding an open note.*] We are putting by our work, friend Achsah, since the day is nearly done.

ACHSAH: It is well that thee has put by thy work for, see, a boy has just arrived and brought this note for me which I will read to thee all. [*Reads:*] "Mistress Achsah Hopper, please say to Mistress Betsy Ross"——

DEBORAH [*interrupting*]: "Mistress Achsah Hopper," and "Mistress Betsy Ross." It is plainly to be seen that the writer is no Friend to dub us thus. Thee should not countenance these things, friend Achsah.

ACHSAH: Countenance, indeed! I was not consulted at the writing. But wait until thee hears the whole of it. [*Reads:*] "that I will be pleased if she will return to her home immediately, as I desire greatly to consult with her about the new flag.

"Your obedient servant,
"George Washington."

ALL: O, O.

PRUDENCE: "Your obedient servant!" How soundeth that?

DEBORAH: Said I not right he was no Friend?

BETSY ROSS: Of course not, he is a member of the church of England, or as they call them now, an Episcopalian, although he is a good Christian, nevertheless.

ACHSAH: But, friend Betsy, how can I spare thee? There are hot waffles and many good things for tea.

BETSY ROSS: Listen, friends, it is but a step around the corner to my house; come with me. The General can see the flag and thee can all see the General. When he is gone we will come back for our tea with friend Achsah. What say ye all?

ABIGAIL: The very thing.

ACHSAH: What will friend Washington think of us?

DEBORAH: That we are a lot of inquisitive Quaker dames, doubtless.

PRUDENCE: Mayhap it will harm thy trade, friend Betsy.

BETSY ROSS: Nay, nay, fear not; but thee is well named, friend Prudence. Does thee think I shall run up to him and say: "These good friends of mine have come to see thee, friend Washington?" [*Laughter.*] Nay, it is the flag thee would all see, *only the flag,* before he carries it away from me forever. Come on, he does not like to be kept waiting.

[*All exeunt at right, laughing and hurrying.*]

CURTAIN

Tableau

WASHINGTON [in full uniform if possible] and Betsy Ross standing in center of stage. Washington is looking intently at the flag which he and Betsy Ross are holding outspread between them. Betsy Ross is looking at him. Other characters are grouped behind her. During tableau, the following is read by someone off stage:

The simple stone of Betsy Ross,
Is covered now with mold and moss,
But still her deathless banner flies
And keeps the color of the skies.
A nation thrills, a nation bleeds,
A nation follows where it leads,
And every man is proud to yield
His life upon a crimson field
For Betsy's battle flag.

—*Minna Irving*

SPIRITS OF DAYS GONE BY

FOR ANY NUMBER OF CHILDREN

M. LIZZIE STANLEY

LET the scholars who represent the ghosts of vanished years stand in the background and come forth as they are called. Each should bear in his hand a standard with the date of his year in large letters upon it, or wear a badge with the same. Hang a picture of Washington on the wall; above it place the motto, "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," and beneath it the dates of his birth and death.

SCHOLAR:

This wintry month of storm and cold,
Doth in its rough old heart enfold
A memory bright as burnished gold,
Which still lives on while years grow old.
It pales not with the lapse of time,
But burns with steady glow sublime—
Through all the years from age to age,
A light upon our history's page—
The name and memory of one,
Our country's hero—Washington.

SCHOOL:

Go, ring the bells and fire each gun
In honor of George Washington.

SCHOLAR:

Come, boys, let's have some historic fun,
Its theme to be grand Washington,
'Tis better far than simple play,

So range yourselves in close array,
While each in turn his deeds do cite,
And thus we'll keep his memory bright.

SCHOLAR:

Call up the ghosts of the vanished years,
And question each as he appears.

SCHOOL:

Aha! ye years that thought ye were gone,
We'll call you back with your faces wan.

SIX OR MORE VOICES [*in concert*]:

Arise, thou ghost of seventeen thirty-two,
And to our questions give answers true.
What knowest thou of Washington, the grave?
What canst thou tell of Washington, the brave?

1732 [*comes forward*]:

In February of my year,
Unto my mind 'tis very clear,
Upon the twenty-second day,
In old Virginia far away,
Was born a sweet and gentle child,
On whom the heavens looked down and smiled.

VOICES:

Is that all thou canst tell?

1732 [*speaks again*]:

Ah! there's another thing, just one:
They called the child George Washington.
On all things else I am but dumb;
Ask of the years that after come. [*Retires.*]

VOICES:

Arise, ye ghosts of his youthful days,
And tell us of his acts and ways.

[*Arise* 1733, 1735, 1738, 1741, 1743, *and* 1752. *Each speaks in turn.*]

1733:

In seventeen hundred thirty-three,
He was a baby, full of glee.

1735:

In seventeen hundred thirty-five
He was a child, all wide-awake, alive.

1738:

I speak for seventeen thirty-eight.
He told no falsehood, small or great.

1741:

Thus speak the lips of seventeen forty-one.
His work in copy-books was neatly done.

1743:

In seventeen hundred forty-three
He loved in military sports to be.

1752:

My days of seventeen fifty-two
No finer form could bring to view.

VOICES:

Away, ye years! No more, no more! [*They retire.*]
Arise, thou ghost of fifty-four.

1754 [*comes forward*]:

The French and Indian War this year begun,
Its first gun fired by youthful Washington:
The shots flew fast from hidden foe,
And many a one was then laid low;
Yet never a wound that grand form felt,
Though shots like rain at him were dealt.
Old Indian chiefs declared a charm
Preserved his life from every harm. [*Retires.*]

VOICES:

Come forth, ye vanished seventeen seventy-five.
No man, methinks, that knew thee is alive.

1775 [*comes forward*]:

I proudly rise from the vanished past,
Behold a dark cloud gathering fast!
At first no bigger than a hand,
'Tis spreading over all the land,
And men are hurrying here and there,

Their brows all grave with anxious care.
Upon the green at Cambridge gaze,
List to the shouts the people raise,
As on his war-horse, proud and calm,
Sits he, the nation's strong right arm;
Beneath the spreading elm-tree's shade,
Commander-in-chief he there is made
Of young America's armies all.
Who is it thus the people call?
'Tis Washington, the star of light,
That shone through all the country's night.
[*Retires.*]

VOICES:

Come back, ye years that are now o'er,
And tell us of this man yet more.

1776 AND 1777 [*come forward and recite in concert*]:

Together we rise to speak his fame,
Who won a grand, immortal name
At Trenton, and at Princeton, too.
More brilliant deeds where can we view?
On History's page they brightly gleam.
Him "first in war" we rightly deem. [*Retires.*]

VOICES:

Behold a shadow dark and weighty!
Stand forth, thou ghost of seventeen eighty.

1780 [*comes forward*]:

Hunger and cold, and suffering great
In my last days was the sad fate
Of Washington and his soldiers brave,
The name "hard winter" to me clave.
But still the grand old patriot fire
Within one breast did ne'er expire;
In cause so grand he placed a faith sublime,
That far outweighed the sorrows of time.
[*Retires.*]

VOICES:

What canst thou tell us, seventeen eighty-one,
Of this far-famed, immortal Washington?

1781 [*comes forward*]:

I see the British soldiers, one by one,
Surrendering their arms to Washington.
The war of revolution now is o'er,
And joyful shouts from every hillside pour.
As soon as war's black flag is furled,
The admiration of the world,
Bearing the love of countless grateful hearts,
The "first in war," and "first in peace,"
His memory shall never cease. [*Retires.*]

VOICES:

Once more we call. Come forth and shine,
Spirit of seventeen eighty-nine.

1789 [*comes forward*]:

My year beheld George Washington
Above all men the ruling one.
Of the United States President,
His name a glory to our country lent. [*Retires.*]

VOICES:

Come forth, thou ghost, the last in line;
Come back, oh, seventeen ninety-nine.

1799 [*comes forward*]:

I rise with sorrow in my face,
Which time can never quite efface
In the *last* month of the LAST year
Of the eighteenth century (dost hear?)
There passed away a kingly soul,
And sadly all the bells did toll;
The people mourned their leader much;
Their feelings in one mighty rush
Swept back o'er all the years gone by,
And heartfelt was the nation's cry
O'er Washington, whom tongue and pen
Proclaim the first in hearts of countrymen.

SCHOOL: [*Retires.*]

"First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

VOICES:

Who would have thought the vanished years
Could come back thus with smiles and tears!

ALL THE YEARS [*come back in procession,* 1732 *in advance, and recite together*]:

Together we come farewell to say,
Ere in our graves we hide away.
Till another year hath passed its round,
Our voices shall utter forth no sound.
Our lips have only told a part
About this great and noble heart;
But go and study history's page,
You'll find him there from age to age.
Before we go a challenge brave we send
Unto this year, and on till time shall end,
To e'er produce a greater one
Than *our* immortal Washington.

[*Pass out in order, repeating,* "Farewell, farewell." *If there is a bell on the school-building, have some boy at this point ring it with bright, quick strokes.*]

SCHOLAR:

List! I hear the bells a-ringing,
High within their steeples swinging.
Loud let them ring, and ring, and ring,
And all abroad their music fling,
For honor doth belong to him,
Whose memory ages cannot dim.

SCHOOL:

Ay, ring the bells, and raise the shout,
And drag the massive cannon out,
Let all unite as though in one
To praise immortal Washington.

[*School sing in closing,* SPEED OUR REPUBLIC,* *or some other patriotic hymn.*]

* IN COLLECTION OF PATRIOTIC SONGS, price 10 cents.

A TRUE PATRIOT

A PLAY IN TWO ACTS FOR ANY NUMBER OF BOYS

CLARA J. DENTON

Characters

IN FIRST ACT: FIRST, SECOND, THIRD and FOURTH SOLDIERS, COURIER and SENTINEL. The last named has no lines.
IN SECOND ACT: As many SOLDIERS as may be convenient. FIRST, SECOND, THIRD and FOURTH SOLDIERS and the COURIER are the only ones having lines. SENTINEL also appears in second act.

Costumes

UNITED STATES uniforms for all except Courier; for him ordinary eighteenth century costume. Only the Sentinel carries gun.

Scene

IN BOTH acts a soldiers' camp—as many tents as the stage can accommodate. Old-fashioned guns stacked at rear.

General Directions

THE Sentinel enters at left, in both acts, paces slowly across front of stage and exits at right. After a few moments he returns, re-crosses stage and exits at left. This "business" is repeated continuously until fall of curtain.

The letters which are brought into camp are not enclosed in envelopes after the fashion of the present day, but are folded according to the custom prevailing before the invention of envelopes. A careful examination of any letter written in the early part of the nineteenth century will help to a correct folding. Such a letter is, however, here described: Take a double sheet of paper 8x9½ inches. The upper half is the only one bearing writing. Fold this page back evenly twice, thus making three divisions of the page. Then fold sides of letter to center; then fold towards single edge and to within two inches of this edge. This reserved edge is now turned over the remainder of the letter as a flap and held fast by sealing wax.

An interval of seven years is supposed to elapse between the first and second acts. This fact should be announced on the programs or distinctly stated to the audience.

Act I

THE soldiers are discovered seated in the open space in front of tents.

FIRST SOLDIER: Aye, but a sorry lot are we. What can *we* do against the disciplined English soldiers?

SECOND SOLDIER: Truly, but you forget that we can be disciplined.

THIRD SOLDIER: But who will do it?

SECOND SOLDIER: There are many ready for the work. To talk thus discouragingly is treason. We can fight, aye, we have fought! as the bloody redcoats already know to their sorrow.

FIRST SOLDIER: That is true, we *can* fight, and I trust we may win; but black, indeed, looks the future to me for the "Sons of Liberty."

SECOND SOLDIER: Nay, nay; this we must not admit for one moment. Think of all the great and good men who are with us.

THIRD SOLDIER: That is true. I remember the great Franklin, who boldly told Parliament that the people of the Colonies would "never submit" to the stamp act.

SECOND SOLDIER: And he was right, we did not. And as for you, comrade, who sees so many lions in the way, cheer up and put your trust in God and the Continental Army.

FIRST SOLDIER: The Continental Army is but a lot of untrained beggars like ourselves, without a strong leader.

SECOND SOLDIER: Despair not, there will one be found.

THIRD SOLDIER: It will be hard though to find one who will be willing to assume the leadership of a forlorn hope like ours. It will need to be a man of military experience as well as one of power and influence, and, such a man would not throw everything to the winds and stand ready to fight the King. No, no, that is exactly where our cause is to fail. We cannot go on without a leader and where is he to be found?

SECOND SOLDIER: Fear not, the Congress now assembled in Philadelphia is composed of the best men in these colonies. Think you not they can find a man who will do this needed work as it should be done?

FIRST SOLDIER: I have heard it rumored that there is a certain Colonel Washington living in Virginia, who would be a most fitting man for the place.

THIRD SOLDIER: Yes, I know who he is, and doubtless he would be most fitting. But, think you he would accept the appointment?

SECOND SOLDIER: Why not? He would have great power.

THIRD SOLDIER: True, and great condemnation and punishment, also, if our cause fails. But, that is not all; he has fought for the King and having once worn his uniform in the late war with France, think you he would now fight against the redcoats? I trow not.

SECOND SOLDIER: Then you think that this Colonel Washington is a man who cannot change his mind: a man who thinking one thing to-day thinks it right on forever? The world has no need of such men.

FIRST SOLDIER: O, is it turn-coats the world wants?

THIRD SOLDIER: Sneer not in this way. A man is not always a turn-coat because he changes his mind. He simply owns that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.

FIRST SOLDIER: Then what is a turn-coat, comrade? Tell us, if you know.

THIRD SOLDIER: A turn-coat is one who changes his actions without changing his mind: changes the outside apparel when inwardly he is the same. You are fighting for the Colonies to-day, because of the fact that you believe them right, but should you, still retaining this belief, fight for the King to-morrow because the change brought you more money, you would then be a turn-coat.

FIRST SOLDIER [*rising angrily*]: I like not the insinuation in that speech. [*Going to him.*] What mean you thereby?

THIRD SOLDIER: I mean nothing except that I liked not your insinuation that the good Colonel Washington is a turn-coat.

FIRST SOLDIER: But you will not deny that he is an aristocrat and a man of wealth?

THIRD SOLDIER: Why should I deny what all the world knows?

FIRST SOLDIER: Then, of course, he will not accept an office at the hands of a rebellious Congress.

SECOND and THIRD SOLDIERS [*rising*]: Take care, take care.

SECOND SOLDIER: It were well for you to choose your words more carefully. We want no Tory language here.

[FIRST SOLDIER *goes up stage.*]

COURIER [*enters at right*]: Great news, great news, the Congress assembled in Philadelphia has appointed Colonel George Washington as Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Army, and he is even now on his way to Cambridge. Here are some letters. [*Throws down a number of letters and turns to right exit.* THIRD SOLDIER *picks up letters.*]

FIRST SOLDIER [*running to* COURIER]: Stay and tell us more of this.

COURIER: Nay, I cannot; I must ride on; my horse is waiting. [*Exit at right.*]

THIRD SOLDIER [*handing out letters*]: Some for each of us. Perhaps, now, we will hear more of this matter. [*They all sit and open letters.*]

FOURTH SOLDIER [*enters at right*]: News from Philadelphia! Great news. [*All start up and surround him.*] George Washington of Virginia has been made Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Army with the title of General.

FIRST SOLDIER: Thy news is late, friend. The courier from Philadelphia has been here before thee.

FOURTH SOLDIER: But, did he tell you that the whole country is alive with joy? Cannons are firing, rockets mounting to the skies, bonfires lighting the heavens and

to-night there is to be a great display here. We shall be off duty with a chance to take part in this great joy. Get ready, get ready. [*Exit at left, running.*]

SECOND SOLDIER: Listen, both of you, while I read a sentence in my letter from a friend who was present in the Congress when this Washington accepted the position as Commander-in-Chief. [*Reads from letter:*] I wish I could describe to you the appearance of this noble gentleman when he arose in his place to accept the responsibility conferred upon him. But, as I cannot do it, I quote to you his exact words. After thanking the Congress for the confidence expressed in him by this appointment, he added: "Lest some unlucky event should happen, unfavorable to my reputation, I beg it may be remembered by every gentleman in the room, that I, this day, declare with the utmost sincerity, I do not think myself equal to the command I am honored with." And later, in referring to the salary of $6,000.00 which had been tendered him, he said: "I beg leave to assure the Congress, that, as no pecuniary consideration could have tempted me to accept this arduous employment, at the expense of my domestic ease and happiness, I do not wish to make any profit from it. I will keep an exact account of my expenses: these, I doubt not, they will discharge, and that is all I desire."

FIRST SOLDIER: That has the right ring, I must say.

SECOND SOLDIER: Then you will admit that love of his country and only that, moves him?

FIRST SOLDIER: Yes, he has too much at stake to be governed by any other motive. If we lose our cause, his vast fortune will be confiscated to the King.

THIRD SOLDIER: Not only that, but he will be hanged as high as Hamon as the chief of a—a— so-called rebellion.

FIRST SOLDIER: I've nothing more to say. This is patriotism, indeed! Thank God for General Washington.

OTHERS [*uncovering heads*]: Amen.

CURTAIN

Act II

SOLDIERS are discovered on stage as in Act I.

FIRST SOLDIER: We should hear from Colonel Nicola, I think, by this time.

THIRD SOLDIER: So we should. Perhaps General Washington wished a longer time to consider the proposal.

SECOND SOLDIER: Nay, I do not think he would take a moment to consider the matter. I think he will refuse instantly and decidedly.

FIRST SOLDIER: I remember that was ever your opinion.

SECOND SOLDIER: Yes, and you will remember, too, that I opposed with all my strength the sending of this message to him. It is wronging a noble patriot to suppose that he who has fought to establish a Republic should now, when peace is assured, overturn all the lessons which he has sought to instill in the people.

FIRST SOLDIER: Perhaps he will think the risk too great.

SECOND SOLDIER: Risk? There is no risk. The soldiers to a man would uphold the crown if once placed upon the brow of Washington. It is not the risk, believe me, which will cause him to decline the offer carried to him by Colonel Nicola.

FIRST SOLDIER: What then?

SECOND SOLDIER: As I said before, he has fought to establish a Republic, he has risked fortune and life for it, and now he will never overturn it by his own hand.

THIRD SOLDIER: But how little we of modern days know of a Republic. As fell that of Rome, so may this one fall. It is a chance and a desperate one, I think.

SECOND SOLDIER: General Washington will not so deem it.

FIRST SOLDIER: But surely, we want something more than a Congress to govern us. Have we not seen how insufficient

it is? Why not imitate the mother country in her government, though refusing to copy her methods?

SECOND SOLDIER: It must then be a government by the army, for only an army could preserve a kingdom now.

THIRD SOLDIER: It may need an army to preserve a Republic.

FIRST SOLDIER: Mayhap you are right, but at least, I wish we might hear from Nicola.

THIRD SOLDIER: If Washington should allow himself to be made king all our troubles as soldiers would be over. The supplies and money which Congress has so long withheld he would at once secure. Yes, for the sake of his beggarly army, I trust he will allow himself to be crowned and that with all speed.

FIRST SOLDIER: Yes, for we have arrived now at a point where we can endure no more. What was it that call to the meeting at the Temple said? If we are not soon redressed of our wrongs, we will "leave the government to its fate." This, I am sure, would receive attention. And, if Washington refuses to be king, then will we take the thing into our own hands!

FOURTH SOLDIER [*enters at right*]: Comrades, why were you not at the Temple to hear the address of our Commander-in-Chief?

FIRST SOLDIER: Call him King, that is what he should be.
FOURTH SOLDIER: But that he will never be.

THIRD SOLDIER: How do you know?

FOURTH SOLDIER: Ah! If you could have heard him as I did to-day, you, too, would have known that he has not ambitions toward the crown. He stepped to the raised platform and looked at the officers seated before him, while they sat there as silent as the grave. When he took out

his spectacles he said gently: "Gentlemen, I have grown gray in your service, and now find that I am growing blind." Ah! comrades, I wish you could have seen the look on his noble face! You would have known, as I do, that no crown would ever disfigure his brow. But, here is a letter which I was commissioned to bring to this camp to be read to the soldiers quartered here. It has been read to others and when you have read it, pass it along. Now, I must be off to my own quarters. [*Salutes and exits at left.*]

FIRST SOLDIER [*who has taken letter*]: It is unsealed, so it has been read as our comrade said. Ah, it is addressed to Colonel Nicola, and [*turning it over*] it is signed "George Washington." Now listen, and I will read:

"Sir, with a mixture of great surprise and astonishment I have read with attention the sentiments you have submitted to my perusal. Be assured, sir, no occurrence in the course of the war has given me more painful sensations than your information of there being such ideas existing in the army as you have expressed, and as I must view with abhorrence and reprehend with severity."

SECOND SOLDIER [*rising excitedly*]: I knew it! I knew it! I said all the while that the offer was nothing more nor less than an insult to him!

THIRD SOLDIER: Go on, go on; let us hear it all.

FIRST SOLDIER [*reads*]: "For the present the communication of them will rest in my own bosom, unless some further agitation of the matter shall make a disclosure necessary."

THIRD SOLDIER: There must be no "further agitation," it must end here.

FIRST SOLDIER [*continuing*]: "I am much at a loss to conceive what part of my conduct could have given encouragement to an address which to me seems big with the greatest mischiefs that can befall my country."

482938

THIRD SOLDIER: It is nothing in his own conduct, but in that of Congress.

FIRST SOLDIER [*continuing*]: "If I am not deceived in the knowledge of myself, you could not have found a person to whom your schemes are more disagreeable. At the same time, in justice to my own feelings, I must add that no man possesses a more sincere wish to see ample justice done to the army than I do, and as far as my powers and influence in a constitutional way extend, they shall be employed to the utmost of my abilities to effect it, should there be occasion. Let me conjure you, then, if you have any regard for your country, concern for yourself or posterity, or respect for me, to banish these thoughts from your mind and never communicate as from yourself or anyone else a sentiment of the like nature."* [*After a moment's silence, during which he folds the letter:*] Well, that seems to settle it.

SECOND SOLDIER: I told you so. You will all bear me witness that I told you so from the first.

THIRD SOLDIER: Yes, indeed, good comrade, that is true. You and a few others knew him better than did the rest of us.

FIRST SOLDIER [*rising and uncovering*]: And know him for what he is—a true patriot.

ALL [*coming to curtain and uncovering*]: Long live George Washington! and may this, his beloved country, produce many like him.

CURTAIN

Tableau

A TABLEAU would be a very fitting close to this play. One could easily be arranged, to include Washington and with the Stars and Stripes prominently displayed, during the singing of the last verse of HAIL COLUMBIA. For suggestions, see HISTORICAL TABLEAUX, in this book.

---

*A VERBATIM copy of the letter.

THE VISION

A PLAY IN TWO ACTS FOR THREE GIRLS AND FOUR BOYS

CLARA J. DENTON

Characters

PLATO,* a negro boy
PHYLLIS,* a negro girl. As this character does not appear in the second act, the same person can take the part of Aunt Nancy if desired.
GEORGE WASHINGTON, at the age of fourteen
RICHARD HENRY LEE (called DICKIE), his friend
LAWRENCE WASHINGTON, half brother to George and owner of Mount Vernon
MARY WASHINGTON, mother of George
AUNT NANCY,* a negro mammy

Costumes

PLATO: Overalls, gingham shirt, ragged hat.
GEORGE WASHINGTON and DICKIE: Handsome costumes worn by boys of eighteenth century.†
PHYLLIS: Wears short calico gown, bandanna handkerchief on her head.
AUNT NANCY: The same.

Scene

IN BOTH acts the same scene is supposed to take place: out-of-doors. Large plants or any preferred greenery will be the only decorations required.

Plato is discovered seated at upper center on a low bench. He is shelling corn and whistling without any tune. Phyllis enters at right, carrying a broom. She crosses over while speaking.

---

* THESE characters and the incidents connected with them are purely fictitious.

† IN A BOOK by BENSON J. LOSSING, entitled THE HOME OF WASHINGTON, on p. 66 will be found an illustration showing the garb of boys of that time. In the same book, on p. 39, will be found a picture of the costume of Lawrence Washington, and on p. 311 a picture of Mary Washington. A good illustrated history of the United States and also J. T. HEADLEY'S LIFE OF WASHINGTON will both be found very helpful.

Act I

PHYLLIS: G'long, Plato, what's the use o' tryin'? Ye know ye cahn't whistle no tune, an' nebah c'ud.

PLATO [*without looking up*]: Cahn't, hey? Well, now, I'll tell ye somefin' Phyllis, gal, ef ye ain't in a hurry.

PHYLLIS [*without stopping*]: But ye see I *am* in a hurry, de bigges' kin', too.

PLATO: All right, den jes' g'long wif ye, and git yer hurry ovah.

PHYLLIS [*aside and pausing*]: Wondah ef he does know somefin'? He's allas up to tricks, though. [*Returning slowly:*] What is it, Plato?

PLATO: All right, den jes' g'long and git yer hurry ovah.

PHYLLIS: O, g'long wif yer nonsense; jes' tell it ef ye a-gwine to.

PLATO: Well, dis yere cawn's 'bout 's tough as dat ere fowl yer daddy killed fo' dinnah at de big house.

PHYLLIS [*tossing head*]: What ye s'pose I cah fo' dat?

PLATO: Ye'll cah, Ah reckon, ef yer daddy gits sold down to Georgy fo' sech doin's.

PHYLLIS: I ain't 'feared; Massa Washington nebah sells no niggahs: keeps us all twell we die. Ef dat's all ye's got ter tell, reckon I'll g'long. [*Moves off.*]

PLATO: I'se got some big news fo' ye. D'ye know ole Uncle Pete's gwine mahry de belle ob de country?

PHYLLIS: Git out, now Plato; what's de use o' tellin' me dat stuff! reckon I knows all about it: he's gwine mahry ole Aunt Nance.

PLATO: An' ain't she a belle, I'd like-a-know?

PHYLLIS: Belle? I reckon not; she's more'n fo'ty yeahs ole.

PLATO: She done tole me yis'day she done been washin', an' she said she been wringin' all day, and ef dat doan' make a bell——

PHYLLIS [*walking off*]: I'be nebah seed a good-foh-nothin', triflin' niggah like you is. T'inks he's jes' de smahtest on de plantation.

PLATO: Cahn't help dat, gal, jes' de fault o' my name, Ah reckon.

PHYLLIS [*coming back*]: Yer name? Huh! Reckon dat doan' mean nuffin', on'y ye wants yer "plate" full t'ree times a day.

PLATO: My name hain't Plate; it's Plato.

PHYLLIS: Huh! Dat means ye call yer plate. [*Calls:*] Plate, O. 'Course ye do, reckon ye'd run ahter it, too, ef ye didn't git it.

PLATO: See yere, ye doan' wan' t' talk that away 'bout my name. Ole Massa Washington gib it ter me hisself.

PHYLLIS: He did?

PLATO: Yis, sah. When I was bawn, he says ter my mammy: "Dis yere is de peartest pickaninny what was ever bawned on dis yere plantation, an' we'll gib him a big name so's he'll be smaht. We'll name him Plato." And my mammy says: "Who's Plato?" An' den Massa Washington he says: "Plato was a great man, what writ books, an' sold honey, an' made ile, an'—an'—O, lots o' t'ings."

PHYLLIS: Well, I doan' see as you'se done any o' dose t'ings.

PLATO: Nebah ye mind, Phyllis, gal, I reckon I hain't done all de t'ings I'se gwine do yit, not yit. But jes' gib me time, gal, an' ye'll see somefin.'

PHYLLIS: Huh! I kin tell somefin' ye'll see right now, doan' have to wait long, nider.

PLATO: What's dat, Phyllis, gal? Reckon ye doan' know nothin' what I doan'.

PHYLLIS: I doan', hey? You'se hain't in de pahloh when the ladies an' gem'men's talkin', like I is, an' ye doan' heah all der gwines-on.

PLATO: Dat am a fac', Phyllis, gal. What did ye heah? Tell me now, dat's a good gal, an' I won't tell nobuddy dat yer daddy was de one dat killed de ol'est hen on the roost for dinnah.

PHYLLIS: I doan' cah ef ye do, my daddy hain't afeard. But, I'se gwine ter tell ye what I heah, jes' ter s'prise you. Massa Gawge's gwine fo' a sailah. [PLATO *drops ear of corn, jumps up and overturns receptacle into which he was shelling corn.*]

PHYLLIS: Hi! Hi! Now see what ye done! Reckon ye'll cotch it now. [*Runs out at left.*]

PLATO: Massa Gawge gwine for a sailah! My Massa Gawge, what I tooked cah of sence he was a baby! No, no, cahn't hev' it, j's' cahn't hev' it. [*Sobs and draws hand across eyes.*]

GEORGE WASHINGTON [*enters at right*]: What's this, Plato, upset the corn? Why boy, ye don't need to mind that. Come on, I'll help you gather it up. [*Stoops over.*]

PLATO [*catching him by arm*]: No, no, Massa Gawge, doan' ye tech it. I doan' cah nothin' 'bout dat, but Phyllis, she telled me ye're a gwine fo' a sailah, but jes' tell me 'tain't so and I shan't mind anyt'ing den.

GEORGE WASHINGTON [*placing hand on* PLATO'S *shoulder*]: But, Plato, boy, it is true. I am to go in the King's navy. Think of that! Isn't that fine?

PLATO [*takes* GEORGE WASHINGTON'S *hand in both of his. They come to front center*]: But, Massa Gawge, ye'll done take Plato 'long, suah?

GEORGE WASHINGTON: I don't know, Plato, whether I can or not.

PLATO: But, Massa Gawge, hain't I yer own boy? Doan'

I 'member de day ye was bawn? De ole Massa say ter me: "Now, Plato, mind, dis yere baby is yer young Massa, an' when he's big 'nuff ye mus' take de bes' kin' cah o' him. I was jes' a leetle chap, Massa Gawge, but I hain't nebah fohgot it. An' ain't I minded de ole Massa well?

GEORGE WASHINGTON: Indeed, you have, Plato. I remember many and many a tight corner you've pulled me out of: The day I fell in the creek and you fetched me out, the day a whole nest of wasps got after me and you jumped right in among them so that they got after you and gave me a chance to run away. Yes, indeed, Plato, many good things have ye done for me.

PLATO: An' hain't I follered ye wha'ever ye went, here to Mount Vehnon, off to Greenway Couht an' Belvoir?

GEORGE WASHINGTON: Yes, yes, Plato, you have, indeed, been most faithful to your trust, but—

PLATO: An' now how can ye git 'long wifout Plato?

GEORGE WASHINGTON: But you see, boy, I'm not sure they will let me take you on board ship.

PLATO: Why not? Doan' all de gem'men's have to be waited on dere, des' like dey does on de shore?

GEORGE WASHINGTON: I don't know, Plato, really I don't, but I will tell you this much: I will certainly take you with me if it is at all possible to do so. Will that satisfy you?

PLATO: Yes, Massa Gawge, dat will do, 'cause I knows ye nebah bwoked yer wo'd ter anyone, eben a pore niggah, an' now, I'll scrape up de cawn what I disrupted. [*Goes up just as* DICKIE LEE *enters at right and comes down.* PLATO *slowly gathers up corn.*]

DICKIE: George, George, what news is this I hear?

GEORGE WASHINGTON [*turns and meets* DICKIE *half way, they clasp hands and come to front-center while talking*]: Welcome, Dickie, when did you come? I was busy talking with Plato and did not know of your arrival.

DICKIE: I came but a moment ago. I met your brother in the driveway and he told me that a place has been found for you in the King's navy. Tell me it is but a joke.

GEORGE WASHINGTON: A joke! A joke to serve the King of the finest country in the world, to fight for the red, white and blue, so dear to the hearts of all Englishmen? O, Dickie, I tell thee, this is the proudest moment of my life, that my brother has consented at last to the plea which I have long been urging.

DICKIE: Do you go soon?

GEORGE WASHINGTON: My luggage is to go aboard the ship this morning, and I am off soon to see my mother and say farewell, then when I return I shall sail away.

DICKIE: And your mother has consented?

GEORGE WASHINGTON: I have not seen her since the matter was broached, but Lawrence rode over to the old home some time ago, it seems, before he even tried for the position, and obtained her consent.

DICKIE: She may withdraw it when it comes to parting with you, since you are, as you know, the apple of her eye.

GEORGE WASHINGTON [*walking about*]: I know it, I know it, but my mother is a brave woman and has ever consented to the things which seemed wisest and best for me, having no regard to her own feelings.

PLATO [*aside*]: Bress de Lawd, but dis yeah niggah hopes she des breaks down at the las' an' says, "No, honey, you'se got ter stay wif yer ole mammy." Wouldn't dat jes' tickle Plato? [*Goes out at left, chuckling.*]

LAWRENCE [*enters at right*]: Well, boys, talking the matter over?

GEORGE WASHINGTON: Yes, brother; Dickie here seems sorry to see me go so far away.

LAWRENCE: So are we all sorry, my boy, but you are nearly a man, now, and you must have a business of some

kind. There are few opportunities in this new country for acquiring a profession, but in the King's navy glorious opportunities for advancement await you.

GEORGE WASHINGTON: To fight for the King, to serve my country, what more could a lad ask for?

DICKIE: Yes, and to see the world. I am almost wishing I, too, were going.

GEORGE WASHINGTON: How I wish you were, Dickie; leaving home and friends would be much easier if my Dickie were with me.

LAWRENCE: But come, George, if we are to ride to your home to-day, it is time we were making ready.

GEORGE WASHINGTON [*to* DICKIE]: Will you not bear us company, if you have no other business?

DICKIE: Yes, indeed, gladly. It will doubtless be my last chance to ride with plain George Washington. When next we ride together, you may be admiral or commodore.

GEORGE WASHINGTON: Or at least a lieutenant. [*Laughter.*]

CURTAIN

Act II

GEORGE Washington and Dickie are discovered seated on a bench at front-center.

GEORGE WASHINGTON: You see, it was as I foretold. My mother made no objection to my going away, because it seems to be the best thing for me.

[AUNT NANCY *enters at upper left and crosses over slowly.*]

DICKIE: Yes, but remember the test has not yet come. You have not yet said the parting word.

[AUNT NANCY *pauses, looks startled and sits down on a low bench at upper left. Her face and attitude must*

express great grief and consternation as the conversation proceeds.]

GEORGE WASHINGTON: Mother will not flinch, even then, just as I will not. It costs more than I can tell for me to leave her, but I know it is the wise thing for me to do, and when I think of all it means to be in the King's navy, the thought sustains me.

DICKIE: How I wish I might see you in your cadet's uniform. It is very gay, is it not?

GEORGE WASHINGTON: I know not. I had not thought of that, but here comes brother Lawrence, [*enter* LAWRENCE *at right*] ask him.

LAWRENCE: What is it, little brother, that I am to be asked?

GEORGE WASHINGTON: Dickie, here, is wondering about my uniform. He thinks it is to be very gay.

LAWRENCE: It is red; that is gay enough, but it is no matter about the color, the real thing of importance is that you never disgrace it. But, come now, we must go in. I saw the courier come with letters for your mother. There may be news. [*Exeunt at right.*]

AUNT NANCY [*coming down*]: Massa Gawge gwine fight fo' de King an' ole Missus lettin' him go; how kin she, O, how kin she! De honey boy dot I'se cah'ied in dese yere ole ahms moh times dan I kin count, he go ter de wahs! He git on bawd de ole ship an' I reckon go ter de bottom o' de ole ocean ter feed de ole sha'ks an' othah big whales, an' nebah come back no moh, how kin she let 'im, how kin she! [*Looks off at left.*] Ah, yere she comes, ole Nancy mus'n' know. [*Goes up and sits again on bench.*]

MARY WASHINGTON [*enters at left, carrying open letter in hand. Comes down and sits on bench at front-center*]: As soon as I knew this letter was from brother Joseph in England, I felt that he would have something to say about George's entrance into the navy and it seemed as if I must

come out alone to read it. They will not find me, I think, for I left the house on the other side. Now, let me see what brother Joseph thinks. I trust that he approves, for I was ever much influenced by his counsels. Ah! me! but it is a sore trial to part with my boy. [*Sighs, then takes up the letter and begins to read it to herself.*]

AUNT NANCY: I knowed it, I knowed it. It will break her heaht, but she will do what she thinks is de right t'ing ter do. I wondah if I dast speak ter 'er? An' why not? I cah'ied 'er in dese yere ahms same as I did 'er boy, an' she will not be angry wif ole Nancy. I'se jes' gwine do it. [*Comes to* MARY WASHINGTON.] Missus—

MARY WASHINGTON [*turning*]: O, it's you, is it, Aunt Nancy? You frightened me.

AUNT NANCY: Nuffin' ter be scairt of, Missus. Aunt Nancy hain't nebah hu't ye yit, an' Ah reckon she ain't gwine begin now.

MARY WASHINGTON: I know it, Auntie Nance. You are, indeed, my tried and true friend, and O, how I shall need you now, when my boy is gone; the pride and joy of my life.

AUNT NANCY: Doan' let 'im go, Missus, doan' let 'im go; he mus' stay yere, dere's wo'k fo' 'im yere, Missus.

MARY WASHINGTON: Why, Auntie Nance, how strange you talk, what can you know about it?

AUNT NANCY: I knows. I'se jes, ole Nancy, but I knows, I knows.

MARY WASHINGTON: I have promised, Auntie Nance, but, now, I must read my letter. [AUNT NANCY *retires to seat again and buries face in her arms.*] Ah, here is the part I was sure I should find sooner or later [*reads aloud*]:

*"I understand that you are advised and have some thoughts of putting your son George to sea. I think he had better be put appren-

*A VERBATIM copy of the letter.

tice to a tinker, for a common sailor before the mast has by no means the common liberty of the subject, for they will press him from a ship where he has fifty shillings a month and make him take twenty-three, and cut and slash and use him like a negro, or rather, like a dog. And, as to any considerable preferment in the navy, it is not to be expected, as there are always so many gaping for it here who have interest, and he has none. And, if he should get to be master of a Virginia ship, which it is very difficult to do, a planter that has three or four hundred acres of land and three or four slaves, if he be industrious, may live more comfortably and leave his family in better bread than such a master of a ship can."

MARY WASHINGTON [*continuing*]: Oh, how his words speak out the thoughts that have long been in my heart, but I feared to express them, lest in some way by my own foolish soft-heartedness, I spoil my boy's prospects in life. Would that I knew the right thing to do. It is so hard to decide. Ah, here is some more on the matter:

"He must not be too hasty to be rich, but go on gently and with patience, as things will naturally go. This method, without aiming at being a fine gentleman before his time, will carry a man more comfortably and surely through the world than going to sea, unless it be a great chance, indeed. I pray God keep you and yours.

"Your loving brother,

"Joseph Ball."

MARY WASHINGTON [*continuing*]: How strange that this epistle should have come just at this time. I wonder what Lawrence will say to it. [*Starts up impulsively.*] But I care not. It is enough; the boy is mine and I shall decide. He shall not go to a fate such as is depicted here. Nevertheless, I will see what the others have to say. It may not be necessary for me to assert my will. Ah, here they come.

[*Enter at right* LAWRENCE, GEORGE, DICKIE *and* PLATO. *All come down except* PLATO, *who stands near* AUNT NANCY.]

LAWRENCE: So, dear Madam, we have found you at last. We have been hunting the house over for you.

MARY WASHINGTON: Have you needed me?

LAWRENCE: Only for the pleasure of your company, honored Madam.

MARY WASHINGTON: Read that. [*Hands him letter; he goes up stage reading it.*] And boys have you been having some merry games together?

DICKIE: It seems to me no time for merry games, dear Madam; my heart is heavy that George is leaving us.

MARY WASHINGTON: Come here, dear son. [*He goes to her. She puts arms about him.*] Would it grieve thee sorely if thou shouldst not go to sea?

GEORGE WASHINGTON: I think I should like to go, mother. I think I should like to help put down the good King's enemies, of which I know he has many. Yet, honored mother, obedience to thy will has ever been my first duty and it is yet. My mother's word is law. Her wisdom is so great that I am sure she knows what is best for me.

LAWRENCE [*coming down with letter*]: I like not the prospect which this foreshadows. He is an Englishman and he ought to know. It is true my experiences were not like these, but I know well that mine were unusual, and George might not be so fortunate. As your brother intimates, Madam, there is much chance in it.

AUNT NANCY [*rushing to the front*]: Let Aunt Nancy speak, let her tell what she sees. [*She steps ahead of the others, spreads out her arms, and closing her eyes, speaks in a high, piercing voice:*] Keep de boy yere, keep de boy yere. He mus'n' go. De t'ings that gwine come need 'im. I see wah, I see marchin's, I see great meetin's an' eberywhars, eberywhars is Massa Gawge, allas at de head, right yere in dis yeah bressed country. Yere de Lawd wants 'im, yere. He mus'n' go. De t'ings that gwine come need 'im. 'im ter set a people free. [*She drops her arms suddenly, opens her eyes and looks around, then retires silently and swiftly to former place.*]

LAWRENCE: Aunt Nancy has had quite a vision, but I trust, Madam, you will not let it affect your judgment.

MARY WASHINGTON: It cannot do that, for I have already

decided that whether the King needs him or not, his mother certainly does, and with her he shall remain for a while.

AUNT NANCY AND PLATO [*shouting*]: Bress de Lawd! Bress de Lawd!

LAWRENCE: I dare say you have made a wise decision, Madam, and certainly nothing could give me greater pleasure. What sayest thou, little brother?

GEORGE WASHINGTON: I am sure my mother knows best. I have never known her to make a mistake.

DICKIE [*throwing up his hat*]: Hoorah! it suits me.

Tableau

MARY Washington with both arms about George; Lawrence just behind him; Dickie at his side; Plato and Aunt Nancy close behind others.

CURTAIN

NOTED CHOPPERS

FOR SIX GIRLS AND SIX BOYS OF THE PRIMARY GRADES

MARIE IRISH

BOYS wear large bow ties of red, white and blue; girls wear red, white and blue bows in hair. Each child carries a hatchet about eighteen inches long, cut from colored cardboard or from pasteboard and covered with colored paper. Four hatchets are blue, four red, and four white, each being tied with a bow of red, white and blue, the bows having short loops and ends about eight inches long.

TO THE music of a patriotic march the children enter in single file, a boy leading, then a girl, then a boy, etc. The hatchets are held diagonally across chest, blade resting on left shoulder. File passes up left side of stage, across to center of back, down center of stage to front, where first child goes to right, second to left, third to right, etc. March to corners of front, up sides of stage, across and meet at center of back. Form couples and pass down center to front, where first couple goes to right, second to left, third to right, etc. Go to corners of front, up sides of stage, across to center of back, where they form fours. As the three lines of four each are in position ready to start down center of stage each child raises hatchet and holds it at arm's length up from right shoulder. March down center of stage in fours and on reaching front they take position thus (No. 1 being the first in line as they entered, No. 2 the second, No. 12 the last, etc.):

11 9 7 5 3 1 2 4 6 8 10 12

Having formed a line, twelve abreast, across front of stage, the hatchets are held as on entering and the children speak the following verses, in order named:

1: Within a store there was a toy,
Long ago;
Just the thing to delight a boy,
Long ago.

2: A father bought it for his son,
Long ago;
Thinking 'twould give the boy some fun,
Long ago.

3: A hatchet it was, firmly made,
Long ago,
With wooden handle and shining blade,
Long ago.

4: The boy received the hatchet with glee,
Long ago,
And said, "A noted chopper I'll be,
Oh—oh-ho!"

5: Out in the garden stood a tree,
Long ago;
Nice little tree as you'd wish to see,
Long ago.

6: That tree was the father's special care,
Long ago;
For some day 'twould luscious cherries bear,
Oh—oh-ho!

7: The boy went forth with his hatchet new,
[*All raise hatchets, holding them forward.*]
Long ago;
And chopped the cherry tree right in two,
[*Bring hatchets down with a sharp movement.*]
Long ago.

8: "Who chopped my tree?" the father cried,
Long ago;
"The tree that was my joy and pride!
I want to know!"

9: The boy replied, "I cannot lie,
No, father, no!
It was my hatchet, sir, and I,
Who did it, oh!"

10: George Washington was that boy's name,
Long ago;

A great and noted man he became,
Long ago.

11: Politician, soldier and president,
Long ago;
In serving his country his days were spent,
Long ago.

12: This moral you had better heed,
From long ago;
When you do wrong don't deny the deed,
Oh, no, no, no!

The march music is resumed and Nos. 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, with No. 12 as leader, pass to the left corner of front, while Nos. 1, 3, 5, 7, 9, 11 pass to right corner. From corners the boys march in diagonal line to left corner of back as the girls march to right corner of back. In crossing at center of stage, No. 12 goes in front of No. 11, No. 10 in front of No. 9, etc. From corners of back pass to center of back, where Nos. 11 and 12 halt, raise hatchets, holding them upraised with blades touching. Nos. 9 and 10 pass under the upraised hatchets, then halt and raise theirs; next couple passes under hatchets of Nos. 11 and 12 and 9 and 10, then raise their hatchets, each couple doing the same. When Nos. 1 and 2 have reached their places at the front of the lines, all hold hatchets as at beginning of march and the files march backward till boys are along left side of stage and girls are along right side. No. 1 then leads the boys down to the left corner of front as No. 2 leads the girls down to right corner front; boys cross over to right corner as girls cross to left corner of front, girls keeping to right of the boys. Files pass up sides of stage, then boys form a line of six across back of stage and girls form a line of six just in front of the boys; lines move forward somewhat so as not to stand at extreme back of stage and sing the following to the tune of YANKEE DOODLE:

1. Oh, once there was a little boy,
[*Hatchets are held out at right side.*]
George Washington was he, sir;
He took his nice new hatchet out,

[*Hatchet out in front of body, hand raised.*]
And chopped his father's tree, sir.
[*Extend left hand and on "chopped" bring right hand down sharply against left palm.*]

Chorus:
Yes, he did, oh, chop, chop, chop!
[*On each "chop" strike right hand with hatchet, against left palm.*]
Chop the tree in two, sir;
[*Right hand, extended out at right side, left hand out at left side.*]
Chopped the little cherry tree,
[*Left hand out in front of body, right hand raised with hatchet.*]
Down with his hatchet new, sir.
[*On "down" bring right hand down onto left, then drop left hand quickly down at left side.*]

2. His father frowned and sternly cried,
[*Step back with left foot, frown, extend left hand in front of body pointing; right hand holds hatchet across chest.*]
"Who chopped my cherry treasure?"
George said, "I cannot lie—'twas I,
[*Step forward with left foot, clasp hatchet with both hands at center of breast, hang head as if ashamed.*]
I chopped it down for pleasure."
[*Point down at floor with left hand, raise hatchet with right hand.*]
Chorus as before.

March music is resumed and the following short drill is given:

1. With hatchet held at right side at waist line, raise right hand till hatchet is straight up from shoulder; lower to waist line; raise above shoulder; lower as before.
2. With hatchet held to right and slightly in front of body, move it across the left side, back to right, across to left and back to right.
3. Repeat No. 1.
4. Raise hatchet above right shoulder, then move across till above left shoulder, bring back to right, move across to left, bring back to right. Take position with hatchet across chest as at beginning of march.

Resume the march, boys passing down right side of stage, girls down the left, form couples at center of front, march in couples up center of stage to back, then off of stage at right or left, as preferred.

COLONIAL DAMES' TEA PARTY

FOR EIGHT GIRLS OF THE INTERMEDIATE GRADES

MARIE IRISH

COSTUMES: Colonial dresses and Martha Washington caps. Half of the caps should be blue with a ruffle of red and one of white, while the other half are red with a blue ruffle and a white one. Gowns should be made with plain waist and full skirt—preferably of floor length—with an overskirt about the hips. Part of the girls can have white waists, red skirts and blue overskirts, while part have blue waists and white overskirts; or all can wear white dresses with an overskirt of red, white and blue bunting.

At back of stage have a small table on which are eight cups in a row, each standing in a saucer.

ONE girl is Martha Washington, and to a patriotic march she comes onto stage, passes across front and halts at left corner; then the other girls enter, single file, advancing slowly across front of stage to where Martha Washington stands, each one in turn, as she reaches the corner, making a courtesy to Mistress Washington. The file passes up the left side of stage and across to center of back, where they halt, standing in line from center of back to left corner. As they halt Martha Washington marches to center of front, up center of stage and takes her place at the head of the file, then leads them across to right corner of back, down to center of right side, then across center of stage (between back and front), where they halt, eight abreast, facing front of stage. Music ceases and they recite verses as given.

GIRL AT OPPOSITE END OF LINE FROM MARTHA WASHINGTON:
Little Colonial dames are we,
Whom Martha Washington hath invited to tea.

NEXT GIRL:
We've gathered here for a social chat,
Though our hearts are going pit-a-pat.

NEXT GIRL:
Because we think of the war each day,
And our soldier-husbands far away.

FOURTH GIRL:
It keeps us in terrible fright,
Dreading the dangers of the fight.

FIFTH GIRL:
But the men are struggling our land to save,
So the women must stay at home and be brave.

SIXTH GIRL:
We must look to the crops and mind the farm,
And see that naught shall come to harm.

SEVENTH GIRL:
For while the Georges at war are away,
The busy Marthas at home must stay.

MISTRESS WASHINGTON:
Yes, we must sew and knit and spin,
To aid the soldiers who're fighting to win.

ALL THE GIRLS [*in concert*]:
So while the Georges at war are away,
The busy Marthas at home must stay.

Mistress Washington now goes to center of left side, up to back of stage and across, stopping at the table; at the same time the other girls pass to center of right side, up to back and stop in a row, facing the table. Mistress Washington takes one cup and saucer at a time and gives one to each girl, who holds it by saucer in right hand. When she has served each of the seven, Mistress Washington takes one for herself, then steps to head of the line and leads the file across to left corner of back, down to center of left side, then across, forming a line eight abreast, across stage as before.

When all are in place each girl takes her cup in right hand and holds saucer in left hand. Mistress Washington raises her cup and says:

Here's to the long life of the man
Who owned the land
That raised the corn
That fed the goose
That bore the quill
That made the pen
That wrote the Declaration of Independence.

All the girls raise cups, each two touch them together,

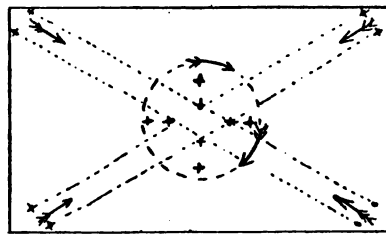
then all pretend to drink. When they have finished, one of the other girls raises her cup and says:

Here's to Washington, who's leading us on,
Here's to our land, the best under the sun;
Here's to our soldiers, fighting to win,
Here's to our success, when the struggle is done,
Here's to our freedom—when it is won.

All raise cups as before and pretend to drink. Then Mistress Washington goes to center of right side, up to back and across to the table, while the other seven girls turn to left, pass to center of left side, go to back and stop in line facing table. Mistress Washington comes forward and, taking the cup and saucer from each girl, one at a time, places them in row upon the table, each girl dropping a courtesy as she gives up her cup.

Mistress Washington then takes her place in line, four girls face the right, four the left, and the files pass down either side of stage, meet at center of front, march in couples up to center of stage. Here first couple goes to right, second to left, third to right, fourth to left, pass to center of either side, up to back, across to center of back, form fours and march down center to front. At center of front first four go to right, second four to left, passing to corners of front. The four who go to left corner pass in diagonal line from left corner of front to center of right side, while the others are marching from right corner front to center of left side, first girl from left side passing in front of first girl from right side, then second from left going in front of second from right, etc., as lines cross. The four who went to center of left side pass up to corner of back and across to center, while the others pass from center of right side down to corner of front and to center of front. One four then marches down stage from center of back to center of front as the other four passes from center of front to center of back. Files march slowly and each girl of each line drops a courtesy to the four of the other file as lines pass. The four who come down to center of front pass to corner and first two halt at left corner of

back and other two halt at left corner of front; the four who went to back of stage pass to right corner, two going down and halting at right corner of front, while other two halt at right corner back. They stand, march, and take position as shown in the following diagram:



FRONT

Having formed the cross, they rotate once, keeping lines in position of cross as they march, then girl nearest front leads down to center of front, all following in single file, those who formed arms of cross falling into line last. March up side of stage and off.

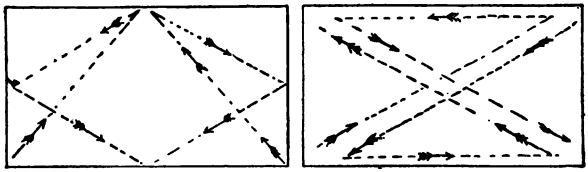
FLAG OF THE FREE DRILL

FOR TWELVE INTERMEDIATE OR ADVANCED PUPILS

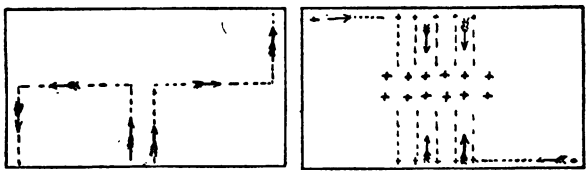
MARIE IRISH

THIS drill can be given by twelve girls, by twelve boys or by six girls and six boys, as desired. Girls should dress in white, decorated with red, white and blue. Boys can wear bunting sash diagonally across chest, around waist and tied in knot at left side, or can wear bow neckties with long ends. Each one carries a flag.

TO THE music of MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA they enter in two files, six each, one at each corner of front. Flags are carried in right hands, staff vertical and resting against right shoulder. They march according to the following diagrams:



NO. 1 FRONT NO. 3



NO. 2 FRONT NO. 4

When one file reaches left corner of back and other reaches right corner of front, at close of diagram No. 3, those at the rear halt according to dots in diagram No. 4 and others halt at front, then those at rear march forward, those at front march backward and take positions across center of stage, as shown by dots. Music now changes to STAR-SPANGLED BANNER and the following poses are given. Take the position on the first word of each line and hold during the line:

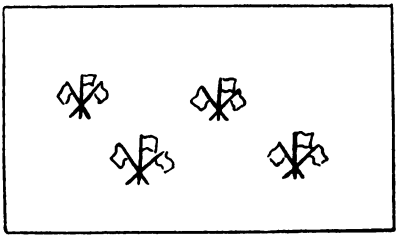
1. All face left side of stage, raise flags and hold up toward left of stage.
2. All face right of stage, raise flags and hold toward right side of stage.
3. Those on rear line remain facing right of stage, those on front line face left of stage, raise flags and hold toward left.
4. Those on left half of stage face the left, those on right half face the right, raise flags and hold them up toward the side the holder is facing.
5. All face in opposite direction, those who were facing right face the left and vice versa. The couple standing at

center in each line raise flags and hold them so staffs cross; of the others, each holds flag over the head of the one standing just in front of her (or him).

6. Those on front line kneel on right knee and place flag on left knee, staff vertical; those on rear line step so as to be directly behind the front line, then each places flag on right shoulder of one in front, letting it stand with staff vertical.

7. Those on front line continue to kneel, rest staff of flag against right shoulder, letting it pass behind head and the flag hang above left shoulder; of those on rear line, each holds flag with staff resting against left shoulder of the one directly in front, passing behind head and drooping above right shoulder—thus having flagstaffs crossed back of head of each one kneeling, with a flag above each shoulder.

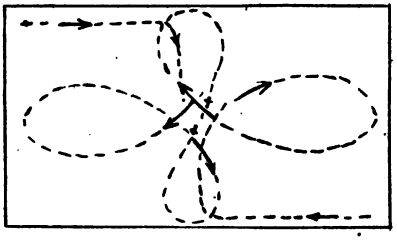
8. Those on front line rise, each three on both lines move and stand together, crossing flags and taking position thus:



FRONT

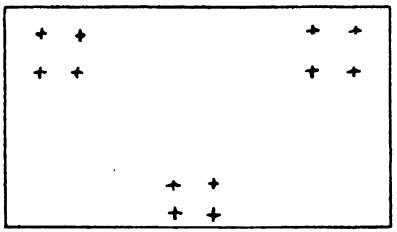
Music now changes to TRAMP! TRAMP! TRAMP! Those on rear line march down to right corner of front, those on front line pass to left corner of back, then march as shown in following diagram.

When the two leaders come together where the large dots are they form a couple, each following two do the same, and they march around the stage in a circle, forming a circle about six feet in diameter. Having gone once around in a circle, those on the inside face in opposite direction and



FRONT

march, so that the six on the outside are going in one direction and the six on inside are going in opposite direction, all holding flags high and waving them. Revolve twice thus, then, as original couples come together, those on outside turn about so as to face same direction as inside partner, pass around in circle till the couple composed of the leaders is opposite center of front, then pass in couples down center to front, holding flags raised and each couple having staffs crossed. At front the first couple turns to right and passes up right side and halts; second couple turns to left, goes up left side and halts; third couple passes up and halts in front of first couple; fourth couple passes and halts in front of second couple; last two couples remain standing at front of stage, the position of all being thus:



FRONT

Music now changes to COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN, and the following drill is given. Position is taken on the

first note and held during two lines of the stanza, then the change made on first note of third line and held during two lines, etc.:

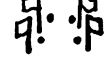
1. The rear couple of each four face out, standing with backs to each other, raise flags and hold them up in direction they are facing; front couple of each four face in, raising flags and crossing staffs.

2. Reverse No. 1, rear couple of each four facing in, front couple facing out, etc.

3. Those in each four step out with right foot in direction thus: raising flag and holding it up and out in direction the foot points.

4. Each four turn and face in, raising flags and touching tips of staffs together thus:

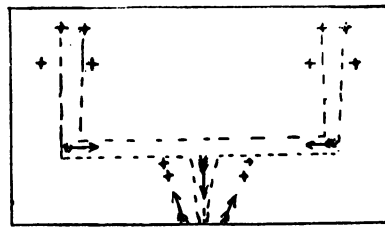
5. Front couple of each four kneels, resting staff of flag on floor and with one hand holding top corner of flag so it will not droop. Rear couple of each four hold flags just above heads of those kneeling, holding top corner of flag to keep it from drooping, position of flags being thus:



6. Front couple still kneeling, all bend forward and wave flags toward front of stage.

Those kneeling rise, music changes to MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA, and march is resumed. Front couples of the fours at back of stage move apart, face and make an arch by raising their flags. First couple (that is, the first one to halt at back of stage when forming fours) passes between the two standing in front and at same time second couple passes between the two in front of them; the third and fourth couples follow in order; two couples at front

of stage move backward, face each other and raise flags, forming arch under which the first four couples march, then these two fall into line and turn thus:



FRONT

The couples march to right corner of front, up right side, across to center of back, where one of each couple steps ahead and single file is formed, reaching down center of stage from back to front. Music changes to AMERICA. Position with flags is taken on first note of each line and held during one line, then changed on first note of next line:

1. All hold flag out at right side.
2. Hold flag out at left side.
3. All raise flags above head, looking up.
4. Flags are held out at right side, first flag held high, second lower, third high, fourth low, etc.
5. First flag is held out at right side, second out at left, third at right, etc.
6. First flag rests against right shoulder, second against left shoulder, third against right, etc.
7. All wave flags above head.

Music changes to YANKEE DOODLE and march is resumed. Each one rests staff of flag horizontally across top of head, flag hanging down at left side of face; carry thus during closing march. Pass from center of front in a diagonal line to center of right side, to center of back, then to center of left side, then to center of front, then in couples up stage to center of rear, then dividing and passing off at left and right.

MILITARY DRILL

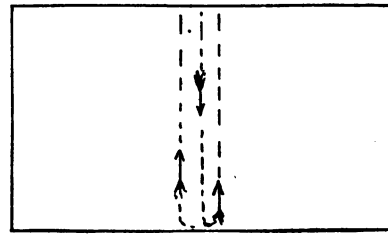
FOR TWELVE PUPILS OF THE ADVANCED GRADES

MARIE IRISH

CAN be given by boys alone, but is prettier when given by six boys and six girls or can be given very nicely by all girls.

COSTUMES: Boys wear dark caps with band of red, white and blue around them, dark suits and sash of red, white and blue bunting passing diagonally across chest, around waist and knotted at left side, ends hanging to knee. Each member carries a gun, preferably a twenty-two rifle, as they are light. Girls wear white gowns, sash same as the boys and white caps with red, white and blue band. They also carry guns. In giving directions for the march we will assume that six boys and six girls are taking part.

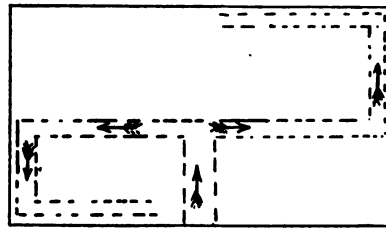
PUPILS enter at left corner front, single file, alternating, a boy, then a girl, etc. March up left side of stage, across to center of back, down center of stage, where the boys turn to right, girls to left and march back as shown in diagram:



FRONT

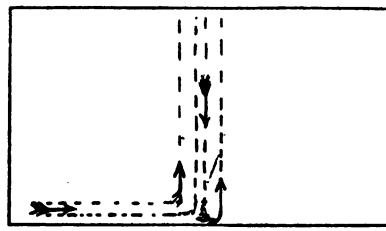
Form couples at center of back, march in couples to right corner of back, down right side, across to center of front, up to center of stage, where first couple goes to right, second to left, and pass according to diagram following.

On reaching center of back, the three couples march down center of stage to front, and at the same time the couples that reached center of front pass to back of stage,



FRONT

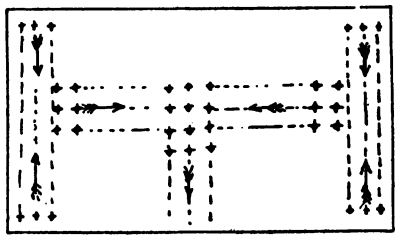
one of each couple going to the right and the other to the left of the line of couples coming down to front, thus:



FRONT

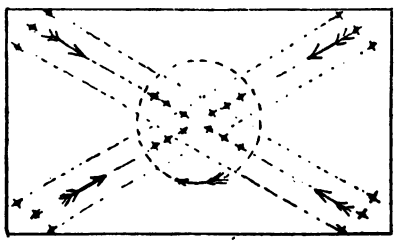
At center of back one of the middle couple steps up with the first couple, while the other one steps back with the last couple; at the same time, on reaching center of front, one of the middle couple steps up with the first couple, while the other steps back with the last couple. This makes four groups of three each, part of them having two girls and one boy, the others having two boys and a girl. Where there is just one girl, she stands between the two boys, and where there is one boy, he stands between two girls. One group of three at the back passes to right corner of back and halts, and the other three pass to left corner and halt; while the two groups at the front halt at the right and left corners of front of stage. The threes on left side march forward

to center of left side, three from front swing so as to face right side of stage, other three take place just back of them and they march to center of stage, while at the same time the two groups on right side march forward to center of right side, then march to center of stage. At center of stage three from right go first, then three from left, then three from right, etc., and they march down to front of stage, position and line of march according to the following diagram:



FRONT

When they reach front of stage, first three go to left and pass up to left corner of back, second three go to right, march to corner and up right side, halting at right corner of back; third three go to left and halt at left corner front, while last three halt at right corner front, all standing according to position in diagram below. Then all march to center and take position in following manner:



FRONT

Rotate once, keeping form of the X while marching, standing close together and marching slowly. Having rotated once, the two at ends of X lead to the right and left corners of front, six going on each line. Pass up sides of stage and when almost to back, turn and form two lines across stage, facing front, boys on back row, girls in front, standing thus:

B B B B B B
G G G G G G

During the march the guns are carried in right hand, nearly vertical, and resting against hollow of right shoulder. The members now give a drill, the commands being given in quick tone by someone at side of stage. Have well-marked 4/4 time for music during drill. As far as possible use four counts in executing the command, then hold during four counts.

Salute: Raise left hand until the forefinger touches the forehead above left eye, thumb and fingers extended, palm to the right. Drop hand to side.

Order, Arms: Rest butt of gun on floor, arms hang at sides, right hand holding gun with thumb and fingers, first two fingers in front, others in rear.

Carry, Arms: Gun is raised vertically with right hand, at same time grasping barrel with left hand above right, rest barrel against right shoulder, arm hanging nearly full length at side. Drop left hand.

Present, Arms: Bring gun with right hand to position in front of center of body, grasping it at same time with left hand in manner to bring forearm in horizontal position; lower right hand slightly.

Carry, Arms: As before.

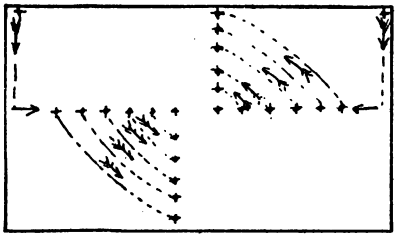
Right Shoulder, Arms: Gun is raised vertically with right hand, grasp it with left and raise this hand till on level with the chin; right hand grasps butt of gun, raising it till hammer rests on shoulder, and barrel, pointing somewhat to left, touches back of head, then drop left hand at side.

Carry, Arms: As before.

Order, Arms: As before.

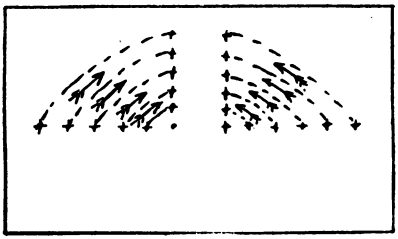
Parade, Rest: Move right foot six inches straight to rear, left knee slightly bent, carry barrel of gun in front of center of body and grasp it near the top with both hands.
Squad, Attention: Drop left hand and take position with gun as in "order arms."
Load: Step obliquely to the right with left foot, moving right foot to the rear and somewhat to right, at same time raising gun with right hand, grasping it at balance with left hand, muzzle at height of chin; half cock the piece, lowering muzzle slightly, pretend to load, then raise muzzle to height of chin.
Ready: Cock the piece with the right hand.
Aim: With both hands raise gun and support butt against hollow of right shoulder, barrel horizontal; right elbow should be level with shoulder; incline head forward and to right till cheek rests against gun; close left eye, right looking through sight notch.
Fire: Snap the trigger.
Load: Lower gun and load as before described.
Kneel: Half face the right, kneel on right knee, bending the left, right leg pointing to right, weight of body on right heel.
Ready: As before.
Aim: As before.
Fire: As before.
Rise: Stand and take position of "order arms."
Carry, Arms: As before.
Port, Arms: With left hand grasp gun slightly below middle of barrel, holding it diagonally across chest, barrel resting on left shoulder, butt against right thigh.
Reverse, Arms: Butt of gun in front of right shoulder, barrel passing under arm, pointing down and to the rear, right hand holding near butt, left hand with arm back of body, holding barrel in rear.
Carry, Arms: As before.
Rifle, Salute: Carry left hand to hollow of right shoulder, forearm horizontal, thumb and fingers extended, palm down, forefinger against gun, then drop left hand at side.

Left Shoulder, Arms: Rest the gun on left shoulder, barrel up, muzzle elevated, butt grasped with left hand.
Carry, Arms: As before.
Secure, Arms: Grasp gun at balance with right hand, barrel sloping down and to the front, butt of gun back of shoulder, right hand against front of hip, upper arm against stock of gun.
Carry, Arms: As before.
Support, Arms: Right arm at side, gun at left side, barrel vertical and pointing up, left arm against side, forearm horizontal and holding gun against body.
Carry, Arms: As before.
Surrender, Arms: Step forward with right foot and lay gun on floor straight out from body. Bring foot back to position.
Recover, Arms: Step forward, pick up gun and bring to position of "present arms," with barrel directly in front of face.
Rest on Arms: Gun in front of body, barrel resting on floor, pointing down, both hands holding butt, body relaxed.
Carry, Arms: As before.
Forward, March: Boys pass to right, girls to left, march down the sides, across and form couples at center of front; pass in couples up to center of stage, boys form a line across center of stage, from center to right side, while girls form a line from center of stage across to center of left side. When all are in position they march thus, boys facing front and girls rear of stage as they halt in lines:



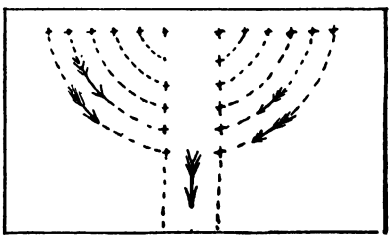
FRONT

Having marched until they are in line of twelve from back to front of stage, as at close of last diagram, the girls continue to complete a half circle until they are standing where the boys stood, and the boys march on till they are in line where the girls stood. Then girls face back of stage, as boys are doing, and all march thus:



FRONT

When the two lines, facing each other, are formed, all face front and march in couples down center to front, boys turn to left, girls to right, pass to corners of front, up sides, and form in line of twelve across back of stage, then march thus:



FRONT

When lines are again in position, facing, they face front, march down to center of front, then around stage and off.

NOTE: A very pretty effect is gained in the last three diagrams if the marchers regulate their steps so that all get into place at same time; those on outside taking regular length steps, each succeeding member taking shorter steps, the two in center merely marking time with feet as they gradually turn into position.

UNION AND LIBERTY

A CONCERT RECITATION WITH FLAG POSES FOR ANY NUMBER OF GIRLS OR BOYS, OR BOTH

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES—Arranged by MARIE IRISH

THE speakers stand in line across stage, or in two lines, according to the size of stage. Each carries a flag, which is held in the right hand.

Flag of the heroes who left us their glory,
Flag held at right side, top of staff on line with top of head.

Borne through their battlefields' thunder and flame,
Step forward with right foot, raise flag and hold forward.

Blazoned in song and illumined in story,
Flagstaff across chest, flag at left side of face, left hand out short distance from mouth, formed as if for a trumpet. Bring right foot back.

Wave o'er us all who inherit their fame.
Flag waved back and forth above head.

Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Stand staff of flag upon right shoulder, staff vertical.

Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,
Point with flag to the right, then move across until flag is pointing to the left, flag being held on level with the chest.

While through the sounding sky
Loud rings the Nation's cry—
Flag is moved from left back to right again, being raised and moved back with flag held at arm's length.

Union and Liberty! One evermore!
Step forward with right foot, hold flag up and forward, first two speakers crossing staffs of flags, next two the same. At close of lines bring foot back to position.

Light of our firmament, guide of our Nation,
Flag is held a little out in front of body, staff vertical, and the line of speakers marches forward, taking very short steps.

Pride of her children, and honored afar,
On "pride" hold flag with both hands clasped at center of breast, head tipped to left and resting against folds of flag. On "honored" step forward with left foot, raise flag and hold it up to the left, eyes following flag.

Let the wide beams of thy full constellation
Left foot brought back, flag held with staff vertical at right side, the upper corner of flag held with the left hand so that the banner is in front of chest, with no folds in it.

Scatter each cloud that would darken a star.
Point the flag down at left side, then raise with a circular movement, bring it up until it is pointing up at right side of stage, held at arm's length.

Lord of the universe! shield us and guide us,
Flag held above left shoulder, eyes raised and looking upward.

Trusting Thee always, through shadow and sun!
Step back with the left foot, raise left hand and the right hand with flag, heavenward, left hand and the flag both pointing upward.

Thou hast united us, who shall divide us?
With flag held at right side, every other one in the line steps back a step, making a division in the line.

Keep us, O, keep us the Many in One!
Those who stepped back now step forward, all raise both hands up and out and join hands; that is, each left hand taking hold of the staff of flag of one standing next.

Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Still keeping hands joined, raise the flags and hold them high, arm's length.

Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,
Drop the left hands, point with flag to the right, then bring it slowly across to the left till it is pointing off at left side. Eyes follow the flag.

While through the sounding sky
Loud rings the Nation's cry—
Union and Liberty! One evermore!

Those on the right half of stage hold flags to the left, and the others hold flags to the right, the two in center holding theirs side by side, with staffs vertical, the other flags pointing toward these two and held near them, some above and others below, making a picturesque grouping of flags.

THE SWORD OF BUNKER HILL

A PANTOMIME FOR TWO BOYS, EXCLUSIVE OF READER

W. R. WALLACE—Arranged by MARIE IRISH

COSTUMES: Boy who takes part of old man has hair powdered, face whitened and marked with black for wrinkles, wears light-colored negligee shirt, and lies upon couch covered with light quilt or white spread; boy who takes part of son is in ordinary house clothes.

RENDITION: The poem is read, in distinct, impressive manner, by some one off stage as the boys give the pantomime.

STAGE SETTING: At back of stage have a couch on which the "father" reclines; nearby is a small table on which are bottles, etc. On some sort of rack on the wall is an old sword, as old style as can be secured. A chair or two complete the furnishings. Dim light on stage.

He lay upon his dying bed;
His eye was growing dim;

The father lies quietly upon couch, hands thrown outside coverlet, eyes nearly closed; son sits in chair, weeping.

When with a feeble voice he called
His weeping son to him:

Father motions with hand, son rises and goes to couch.

"Weep not, my son," the vet'ran said,
"I bow to heav'n's high will—"

Son continues to weep; father points first to son then motions upward, waving hand feebly.

"But quickly from the antler bring
The sword of Bunker Hill."

Son drops hands to sides and moves a step nearer the couch; the father feebly points toward the sword upon the wall.

The sword was brought, the soldier's eye
Lit with a sudden flame;

Son goes over to wall, takes down sword and brings it to father, who handles it lovingly.

And as he grasped the ancient blade,
He murmured Warren's name;

Father rubs hand lovingly along blade of sword, and murmurs name of Warren; son stands near, watching.

Then said, "My boy, I leave you gold;
But what is richer still,"

Father pulls purse from under pillow and holds it up, then drops it down onto coverlet.

"I leave you, mark me, mark me now,
The sword of Bunker Hill."

Son sits on foot of couch; father raises sword in both hands and holds it up toward son.

"'Twas on that dread immortal day
I dared the Briton band;"

Son watches father eagerly, father rests sword on coverlet and motions with left hand, lips moving as if talking.

"A captain raised this blade on me,
I tore it from his hand;"

Father raises sword with right hand and waves it, then on "tore" brings it quickly down till blade rests across his chest.

"And while the glorious battle raged,
It lightened freedom's will;"

Sword rests on coverlet, father motions with both hands toward son, lips moving.

"For, boy, the God of Freedom blessed
The sword of Bunker Hill."

Father points upward with left hand and raises sword toward son with the right hand.

"O, keep the sword!"—his accents broke—
A smile and he was dead.

Father half sits up, reclining on right elbow, and holds sword toward son with left hand, then, still holding sword, he drops it beside him, falls back on pillow and closes eyes; son springs forward and takes father's hand, wiping eyes as if weeping.

But his wrinkled hand still grasped the blade,
Upon that dying bed.

Son kneels by couch, head resting upon father's hand.

The son remains, the sword remains,
Its glory growing still,

Son rises, takes sword, holds it lovingly in both hands and, coming a little forward, stands, facing front of stage.

And twenty millions bless the sire,
And the sword of Bunker Hill.

On the first line the son half turns and points lovingly to the father, sad expression on face; on "sword" raise sword high and wave it triumphantly toward audience.

WELCOME TO FREEDOM

A DRILL AND EXERCISE FOR TWELVE OR MORE BOYS AND GIRLS

MARIE IRISH

CHILDREN can be decorated with national colors in any desired manner and each carries a flag, the larger children who are to stand on back line carrying larger flags than the smaller children. A rather tall girl dresses as Freedom, wearing white dress, floor length, with sash of red, white and blue, helmet of red, white and blue on head, and carries a shield covered with red and white stripes on lower half and white stars on blue ground on the upper part.

THE children, with the exception of Freedom, enter at left corner of back, larger ones coming first, and march to center of back, diagonally to right corner of front, across front, from left corner of front to center of back, then to center of right side, to center of front, to

center of left side, then to center of back. On reaching center of back, the first half of the taller children form a line along right half of back of stage and the other half form a line along left half of back of stage, leaving a space between the two lines at center of back. The smaller children form lines on either half of stage, just in front of the other lines. One of the number now steps forward, standing at side of stage so as to address the children without turning back to audience, and speaks:

Who cometh over the hills,
Her garments with morning sweet,

Points with flag to back of stage; Freedom enters, passes along back of stage until she comes to aisle between lines, then halts.

The dance of a thousand rills
Making music before her feet?

Either hand extended out at side, flagstaff horizontal.

Her presence freshens the air,
Sunshine steals light from her face,

Left hand down at side, right raised, flag pointing upward.

The leaden footstep of Care
Leaps to the tune of her pace.

Waves flag toward Freedom with a bow and returns to her place in ranks.

ALL THE CHILDREN [*in concert, recite*]:

'Tis Freedom, fairest of all
The daughters of Time and Thought—
Freedom, who to our land
The best of all gifts hath brought.
She cometh, cometh to-day,
Rouse ye, welcome her here;

Freedom slowly advances down aisle to front of stage, all the children waving flags in salute as they say:

For Freedom bringeth to us
The liberty we hold so dear.

—*Lowell*

Freedom halts at front of stage and the smaller children march down and form a half circle in front of her, facing front of the stage, while the taller children complete the circle, standing back of Freedom. They sing, to the tune of BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC:

Hail to Freedom, Glory's daughter, God preserve thee free,
Though the storms around thee swell, our faith is strong in thee;
God is with thee, wrong repelling, He thy guide will be,
As Freedom leads us on.

The smaller children march around Freedom in a circle, going to the right as the other children march around in a circle, passing to the left, the latter keeping next to Freedom and the smaller ones going on the outside, all waving flags and singing the chorus:

Wave Old Glory, Freedom's banner,
Wave Old Glory, Freedom's banner,
Wave Old Glory, Freedom's banner,
While we are marching on.

At the close of the chorus they halt, standing in two half circles back of Freedom, the smaller children standing next to her, the others on the back line. All raise flags and hold them pointing toward Freedom as they sing second stanza:

Vainly 'gainst thine arm contending tyrants turn and flee
Liberty thou dost defend—our hopes are set on thee;
Widening glory, peace unending thy reward shall be,
As Freedom leads us on.

Taller children go to left and the smaller ones to right, pass around in circles as before, smaller children keeping to the outside. Wave flags and sing chorus as before. At the close of the chorus Freedom passes to center of back of stage, taller children follow, smaller ones last, all marching in single file. March from center of back to center of right side, then to center of front, to center of left side, down center of stage and off.

WASHINGTON'S INAUGURATION

A MOCK CEREMONY FOR FIFTEEN OR MORE CHILDREN OF ALL GRADES

MARIE IRISH

AT EXTREME back of stage arrange boxes to form a sort of balcony, large enough to hold at least two persons. These boxes may be covered with a rug or a dark blanket. At extreme front of stage, at center, have an arch with the words: "The Defender of the Mothers will be the Preserver of the Daughters." Have a number of children, depending on the amount of room that can be used, stand along front of stage, forming an avenue between which the President's party shall pass. One tall boy dresses to personate Washington, three or four others personate John Adams, Alexander Hamilton, Roger Sherman, etc., who were with him, while another boy is draped in black shawls for robes, personating Chancellor Livingston. Ideas for costumes can be gleaned from pictures found in histories—both for boys and girls.

CHANCELLOR Livingston marches first, then the friends of Washington, and lastly, Washington. They pass between rows of children, who wave handkerchiefs. They pass under the arch, then continue on to the side of stage and off behind screen or curtain. Those who were waiting move farther up the stage and form in lines again, and the President's party comes back onto stage and, as they begin to pass between lines, the boys wave handkerchiefs and the girls throw flowers (a goodly number of old artificial flowers can be collected from children, as natural blooms are scarce at this time of year).

The President's party halts and the girls, dressed in white, surround them and sing, to the tune of OLD HUNDRED:*

From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land by every tongue.

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends Thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

* IN CAN'T BE BEATEN SONG COLLECTION, price, 6 cents.

The party then passes on, and off at side of stage they first entered from. If there is an instrument at hand, have the music of HAIL COLUMBIA played for the marching, as this is the music of the "President's March" played when Washington was inaugurated. The children now move up around the balcony, standing on either side and in front of it. The President's party marches on again, and at back of stage, amid waving of handkerchiefs and throwing of flowers, Chancellor Livingston and Washington, with Adams and Hamilton if there is room, take places on the boxes intended for the balcony of Federal Hall. Livingston carries a Bible and he and Washington stand at front of balcony. Livingston says: "You do solemnly swear that you will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States and will, to the best of your ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States. So help you God."

Washington then places his hand upon his breast and says: "I swear, so help me God." Then reverently kisses the Bible. The Chancellor calls out: "It is done; long live George Washington, President of the United States." All those about the balcony call out joyfully the words the Chancellor said, waving handkerchiefs. The friends of Washington, who marched with him, come forward and shake hands, the others cheering, the music starts again and all march from stage.

HAIL, COLUMBIA!

A DRILL AND EXERCISE FOR TEN OR MORE CHILDREN, INTERMEDIATE OR ADVANCED GRADES

MARIE IRISH

LET the words be sung if it is possible for the children to do so, but as the tune is rather difficult, if it cannot be sung let the words (which have been somewhat changed from the original to fit the occasion) be spoken.

IF THE words are to be sung, have those taking part march onto the stage to the tune played as a march, or if no instrument is available, perhaps some boy with a drum can lead the marchers, beating time. Behind the drummer walks a boy with a horn or trumpet, then, walking side by side, a boy and a girl follow, each carrying a good-sized flag; next comes a boy or girl carrying a picture of Washington. Secure a good-sized picture, borrowing one already framed if possible. If a limp one is obtained, fasten it onto pasteboard. Get two hooks and two eyes with screws attached, screw the hooks onto a broomstick or other suitable handle, put an eye at top and one at bottom of picture and thus fasten picture to handle so it can be carried as a banner. The one carrying it must take care that picture faces the audience all the time. Then follow the others taking part, walking two and two, each carrying a flag of smaller size than those carried by two ahead.

They march across front of stage, up side, across to center of back, where the drummer boy and trumpeter halt, leaving a space between them, the two with flags halt beside first two, in space between them, then the one with picture halts in the center between the two with flags. The others march down the center of stage in couples till nearly to front of stage, then halt, couples face each other, standing about three feet apart, raise flags and touch tips of staffs together. When an arched avenue is thus formed, the one with the picture comes down under upraised flags and stops at center of front. The two with large flags march down, single file, and take position one on either side and a little behind the picture, raising their flags and holding them so they drape above picture. Then those on right side move to the right, the others move to left, drummer and trumpeter come down and stand just back of those holding flags over picture, and a semicircle is formed back of the three at center of front. On the words "sound, sound," "fame," the trumpeter blows a blast as each word is spoken.

The children now sing or speak, with spirit and in distinct manner:

Sound, sound the trump of fame;
Let our own Washington's great name
Ring thro' the world with loud applause,

Children standing in semicircle wave flags toward picture.

Ring thro' the world with loud applause;
Let ev'ry clime, to freedom dear,
Listen with a joyful ear.

Those in semicircle bend forward, raising right hand, with flag, up at side of face, as if listening.

With equal skill, with God-like pow'r,
He govern'd in the fearful hour

Flags extended out at right side, staffs vertical.

Of horrid war, or led with ease

Staff of flag held diagonally across chest.

The happier times of honest peace.

Raise flags and wave them during the refrain.

Firm, united, let us be,
Rallying round our liberty;
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.

All hail the chief who did command

On "all hail" the trumpeter blows a blast. The flags are held pointing toward picture.

The army of his native land;
The rock on which the storm did beat,
The rock on which the storm did beat;

Those in semicircle step forward strong with right foot, flag held in front of body, staff vertical.

But, sound in virtue, firm and true,
His thoughts were fixed on heav'n and you.

On "heav'n" point upward with flags, on "you" point to audience.

When hope was sinking in dismay,

Bring right foot back to place, drop head forward, flag drooping, attitude dejected; hold during next line.

When gloom obscured Columbia's day,
His steady mind, from changes free,
Resolved on death or liberty.

Face expressing courage, body erect, flag raised and held high.

Repeat refrain as before.

As the words end the trumpeter blows a blast, the drummer beats time, children pass up center of stage to back, one goes down each side and they meet at front of stage in front of the one holding picture. Then they march from center of stage, once around the stage, in the same order as on entering, and exeunt.

HISTORICAL TABLEAUX

MARIE IRISH

Honor to Washington

AT CENTER of back of stage have a large picture of Washington on an easel. Have a strip of red, white, and blue bunting across top of picture and one across bottom of picture, with ends that extend at least a yard beyond each corner of picture. Three girls dressed in white stand just back and to either side of the picture. Two other girls in white kneel on either side of picture, in front of those standing. The girl standing farthest from the picture on either side holds the end of the bunting that goes across bottom of picture, while the one on either side, kneeling, farthest from picture holds end of bunting that goes across top, thus crossing the bunting on either side of picture. The girls on either side who kneel take position so that their faces come on either side of the crossing of the bunting. Just in front and below the cross of the bunting on each side

a little girl in white sits on floor waving a small flag. Throw colored lights* on scene and the girls standing recite:

Oh! well and bravely has he done the work he found to do;
To justice, freedom, God, and man, his heart was ever true.

Then the four girls who are kneeling recite:

To the memory of the Father of his Country—the childless father of eighty millions.

Ready for War

SEVERAL small boys, each wearing a soldier cap of red, white, and blue paper, a sash of national colors around waist, and carrying an air gun or small rifle, stand in line, facing side of stage. The leader has a drum, on which he beats time, and the others, in an impatient manner, as if anxious to start, mark time: moving feet as if marching, without advancing.

Scenes in the Life of Washington

NO. I: THE CHILD WASHINGTON

A FEW feet from back of stage stretch a curtain of black mosquito netting, behind which the actors stand. Have rather dim light back of curtain.

A good-sized limb is cut from a tree and fastened to the floor in an insecure manner. A small boy, representing Washington, comes on, waving a hatchet. He looks at hatchet, feels edge of it, makes motions as if chopping, then turns and looks at tree as if thinking. Suddenly he steps forward and begins to chop tree vigorously, which breaks fastenings loose and tree falls over. Boy looks at fallen tree, then waves hatchet and passes from stage.

---

*The colored light referred to is what is known as TABLEAU LIGHT. It is put up in quarter-pound cans, each of one color, in Red, Green, Blue, Gold, and White. It may be had from the publishers of this book for per can, 30 cents; two for 55 cents; or four for $1.00; prepaid.

NO. 2: THE YOUTH WASHINGTON

A BOY considerably taller than one in last scene comes on, carrying a gun. He goes through military movements, first facing front, with gun in position of "carry," then takes position for "order arms," "right shoulder," "arms port," "present arms," etc. (See directions for military positions in Military Drill in this volume.) Then he faces side of stage, loads, aims, pretends to fire, etc.

NO. 3: THE LOVER WASHINGTON

A TALL boy with white shirt, ruffle around neck, a three-cornered hat in his hand, cutaway coat, high-topped boots, and a whip in his other hand, sits talking earnestly with a young woman in fancy, old-style Colonial dress.

NO. 4: THE GENERAL WASHINGTON

AT EXTREME back of stage several boys, wearing long coats and three-cornered hats, each boy with a gun, stand in respectful attention, while in front of them, profile view, stands Washington, wearing army coat and three-cornered hat, his hand raised and pointing to the boys. Someone reads, or the impersonator recites, from WASHINGTON'S ADDRESS TO HIS TROOPS:

"The time is near at hand which must probably determine whether Americans are to be freemen or slaves; whether they can have any property they can call their own; whether their houses are to be pillaged and destroyed and they themselves consigned to a state of wretchedness from which no human efforts will deliver them. The fate of unborn millions will now depend, under God, on the courage and conduct of this army. Our enemy leaves us only the choice of a brave resistance or the most abject submission. We have, therefore, to resolve to conquer or die. Our own, our country's honor calls upon us for a vigorous and manly exertion; and if we shamefully fail we shall become infamous before the whole world. Let us, then, rely on the goodness of our cause and the aid of the Supreme Being, in whose hands victory is, to animate and encourage us to great and noble actions."

NO. 5: THE PRESIDENT WASHINGTON

A BOY in fine black suit, white cloth bound high around neck, ruffled shirt front, white cotton hair, brought down

and tied in the back, stands before a boy with same kind of hair and a black shawl draped about him. Latter boy holds a book, and Washington stands with hand upraised, taking oath of office.

NO. 6: WASHINGTON THE AGED CIVILIAN

A BOY made up as Washington when old, sits in dim light, peaceful look on face, gazing at an elderly lady—a girl made up as Martha Washington—white hair, black dress, white kerchief about neck, fine white cap on head.

The Colonies' Tribute to Washington

AT BACK of stage have an arch covered with red, white, and blue bunting, with letters, "Our Washington," across the top. Thirteen girls enter, representing the thirteen colonies, each dressed in white with a tiny cap of red, white, and blue and wearing her name, Virginia, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, etc. The names are on cardboard, some red and some blue, with white letters, and are worn diagonally across chest, from right shoulder down to left side, first letter of name up at right shoulder. Each girl carries a flag. The girls march in with flag held at right side. Four tallest take position under and a little back of arch, four others kneel just in front of the four standing; two stand on each side of arch, while the smallest girl, Rhode Island, sits on floor in front of four kneeling. When in position each one speaks, waving flag at the arch as she recites. No 1—"Cæsar was merciful"; No. 2—"Scipio was continent"; No. 3—"Hannibal was patient"; No. 4—"But it was reserved for Washington to blend all these virtues." No. 5—"His fame is eternity and his residence is creation." No. 6—"Nature made him great; he made himself virtuous." No. 7—"First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen." No. 8—"Washington, the defender of his country, the founder of Liberty, the friend of man." No. 9—"In youth true, in manhood brave, in age wise, in memory immortal." No. 10—"In the annals of modern greatness he stands alone, and noblest names of antiquity lose their luster in his presence." No.

11—"And thus he bore without abuse the grand old name of gentleman." No. 12—"Nature made him childless that his country might call him father." No. 13—"When nations now existing shall be no more, still will our Washington's glory unfaded shine." As they finish speaking the four standing at back hold flags to form arch over heads of those kneeling; the four kneeling hold flags to form arch over head of the one sitting on the floor; the two standing at each side of arch hold flags pointing up toward arch; the one sitting on floor holds her flag with staff diagonally across chest. Turn on colored light.

Crowning Our Hero

THIS tableau, if arranged with taste, is very beautiful and effective. In the background, the middle, stands a high sideboard, upon which is a bust of Washington. Over it is draped a flag, the Stars and Stripes. Upon two chairs, one on each side of the sideboard, which should be covered with drapery, are two little girls, dressed in white, with blue rosettes and crimson sashes, who hold above the head of Washington a laurel wreath. In the foreground, two soldiers, in the Continental uniform, present arms to the conqueror.

The uniforms and bust can, if not owned by the performers, be hired at a very trifling expense. This tableau is very effective if well grouped.

HAIL COLUMBIA OR THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER, played slowly, adds very much to the effect. Or the following may be read by someone off stage:

Arise—'tis the day of our Washington's glory,
The garlands uplift for our liberties won;
Forever let Youth tell the patriot's story,
Whose sword swept for freedom the fields of the sun!
Not with gold, nor with gems,
But with evergreens vernal,
And the banners of stars that the continent span,
Crown, crown we the chief of the heroes eternal,
Who lifted his sword for the birthright of man!

—Adapted

BURLESQUE TABLEAUX FOR LITTLE FOLKS

JOS. C. SINDELAR

EVEN in patriotic programs humorous numbers are soothing and surely enlivening and entertaining. Clean humor is never disrespectful. Therefore, it is believed, that these burlesques will be found of interest and help to many in preparing a varied and pleasing program.

The Wonderful Hatchet

A SMALL boy—the smallest to be found that can be depended on to pose well—is seen holding a large ax over a fallen "tree" (a twig will do). The "father" with switch held in both hands behind back, stands in rear looking on. Colonial costumes.

George Washington's Courtship

LITTLE boy (George Washington) in soldier uniform is standing at entrance to sitting-room, hat in left hand, sword at his side. A table is in center of stage and on floor near it are seen a large boy and girl playing with toys. These are the children of Mrs. Custis, who is represented by a very small girl, in colonial costume, and is in the act of rising to greet the young officer.

Washington Crossing the Delaware

A SMALL boy in Revolutionary war uniform stands upright and with folded arms in a tub. Surrounding him are as many other little boys sitting in bottom of the tub as it will accommodate. Some are holding guns and some flags. Green tissue paper, ruffled, and white cardboard boxes are placed around to represent water and ice. On these may be sprinkled "diamond dust" to produce a still better winter effect.

The Surrender at Yorktown

A LITTLE girl dressed as an old English lady (the mother country), with spectacles, powdered hair and a "grandma"

cap, is handing over to a little boy in Continental officer's uniform an armful of boy dolls—Japanese, Chinese, or an assortment of them—the greater the variety and the poorer their condition, the better. Some of them, at least, you know, must show the effects of war, in the loss of an arm or leg, or even head, but something, anyway! The boy representing Washington has a sword at his side and hat perched back and to a side in a saucy manner. Behind and around him is his army of toy soldiers.

Washington Equestrian Statue, Boston

A VERY small boy in colonial costume astride a broomstick horse.

Betsy Ross and the First Flag

A LITTLE girl in Quaker dress, gray in color, busy with needle and thread in replacing the seat of a pair of trousers by sewing in a red, white, and blue patch (a piece of bunting will do). A sewing basket is on the floor at her side.

WASHINGTON

AGNES MARY NIVEN

Tune: AMERICA

WASHINGTON, it is of thee,
Foremost in history,
Of thee we sing.
We love thy truthfulness,
Thy kingly nobleness,
And all our hearts rejoice
For freedom's king.

Washington, it is in love
We raise thy name above
Others in time.
We'll try to live like thee,
Bravely and truthfully,
And thus our lives shall be
Honored like thine.

Great God of power and might,
Help us to know the right
Like him, we sing.
Bless this dear land of ours
With many precious dowers,
And all our gladdest hours
With praise shall ring.

A SONG OF WASHINGTON

EMILIE POULSSON

Tune: MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA

SING a song of Washington,
Our hero brave and true;
Wave aloft our banners bright,
Our own Red, White and Blue.
Honor we to-day the man
To whom our praise is due,
Sing we of Washington, our hero.

Chorus:

Hurrah! Hurrah! Our banners we will wave,
Hurrah! Hurrah! For Washington so brave.
Honor we to-day the man
To whom our praise is due,
Sing we of Washington, our hero.

Sing a song of Washington
And celebrate his birth.
Children all should know his name,
His greatness and his worth.
Well he loved this land of ours,
The fairest of the earth;
Sing we of Washington, our hero.

THE NAME OF WASHINGTON

LAURA R. SMITH

Tune: BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

THERE is a name we all should love,
While floats the flag so gay,
And there is a song we all should sing,
Upon this happy day.
We all love our country's hero,
And our bonnie banners gay;
Of Washington we sing.

Chorus:

Proudly raise the starry banner,
Proudly raise the starry banner,
Proudly raise the starry banner,
Of Washington we sing.

The honored name of Washington
We lovingly repeat,
We will bring our tributes for the brave,
And lay them at his feet,
We will bring the fragrant evergreen,
With all our flowers sweet;
Of Washington we sing.

He was our dear first President,
A hero known to fame,
And so now beneath the Stars and Stripes,
We gladly speak his name,
We will wave the bonnie banners,
As our message we proclaim;
Of Washington we sing.

WASHINGTON AS A LEADER

JOHN PIERPONT

Tune: AMERICA

TO THEE, beneath whose eye
Each circling century
Obedient rolls,
Our nation in its prime,
Looked with a faith sublime,
And trusted in "the time
That tried men's souls."

When from the gate of heaven
People and priests were driven,
  By fire and sword;
And where thy saints had prayed,
The harnessed war-horse neighed,
The horseman's trumpet brayed
  In harsh accord.

Nor was our fathers' trust,
Thou Mighty One and Just,
  Then put to shame;
"Up to the hills" for light
Looked they in peril's night,
And from yon guarded height
  Deliverance came.

There, like an angel form
Sent down to still the storm,
  Stood Washington!
Clouds broke and rolled away;
Foes fled in wild dismay;
Wreathed were his brows with bay,
  When war was done.

God of our sires and sons,
Let other Washingtons
  Our country bless,
And, like the brave and wise
Of bygone centuries,
Show that true greatness lies
  In righteousness.

MY NATIVE LAND

Tune: AMERICA

O BEAUTIFUL and grand,
My own, my native land—
Of thee I boast!
Great Empire of the West,
The dearest and the best,
Made up of all the rest,
I love thee most.

—*Coles*

Unfurl our emblem free,
A starlit bond to be,
In symbolled love.
May every ray abide,
A glory as a guide,
Our learning's course beside
And flame above.

—*O'Meara*

MT. VERNON BELLS

Tune: MASSA'S IN THE COLD, COLD GROUND

WHERE Potomac's stream is flowing
Virginia's border through,
Where the white-sailed ships are going,
Sailing to the ocean blue;
Hushed the sound of mirth and singing,
Silent every one,
While the solemn bells are ringing
By the tomb of Washington.

Chorus:
Tolling and knelling
With a sad, sweet sound,
O'er the waves the tones are swelling
By Mt. Vernon's sacred ground.

Long ago the warrior slumbered,
Our country's father slept;
Long among the angels numbered,
They the hero soul have kept;
But the children's children love him,
And his name revere;
So while billows roll above him,
Sweetly still his knell you hear.

Sail, O ships, across the ocean,
And bear the story far
How he sleeps beneath the willows,
"First in peace and first in war;"
Tell while sweet adieus are swelling
Till you come again,
He within the hearts is dwelling
Of his loving countrymen.

WELCOME, THOU FESTAL MORN

GEORGE HOWLAND

Tune: AMERICA

WELCOME, thou festal morn!
Never be passed in scorn
Thy rising sun;
Thou day forever bright
With Freedom's holy light,
That gave the world the sight
Of Washington.

Unshaken 'mid the storm,
Behold that noble form—
That peerless one—
With his protecting hand,
Like Freedom's angel, stand,
The guardian of our land,
Our Washington.

Traced there in lines of light,
Where all pure rays unite,
Obscured by none;
Brightest on history's page,
Of any clime or age,
As chieftain, man, and sage,
Stands Washington.

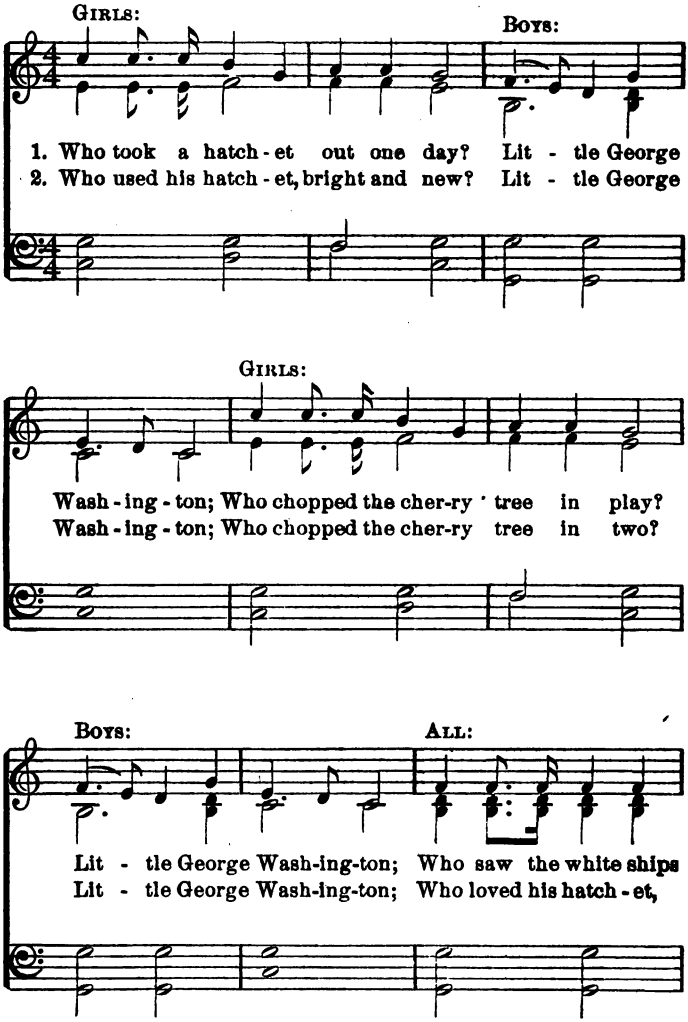
Name at which tyrants pale,
And their proud legions quail,
Their boasting done;
While Freedom lifts her head,
No longer filled with dread,
Her sons to victory led
By Washington.

Now the true patriot see,
The foremost of the free,
The victory won.
In Freedom's presence bow,
While sweetly smiling now,
She wreathes the smiling brow
Of Washington.

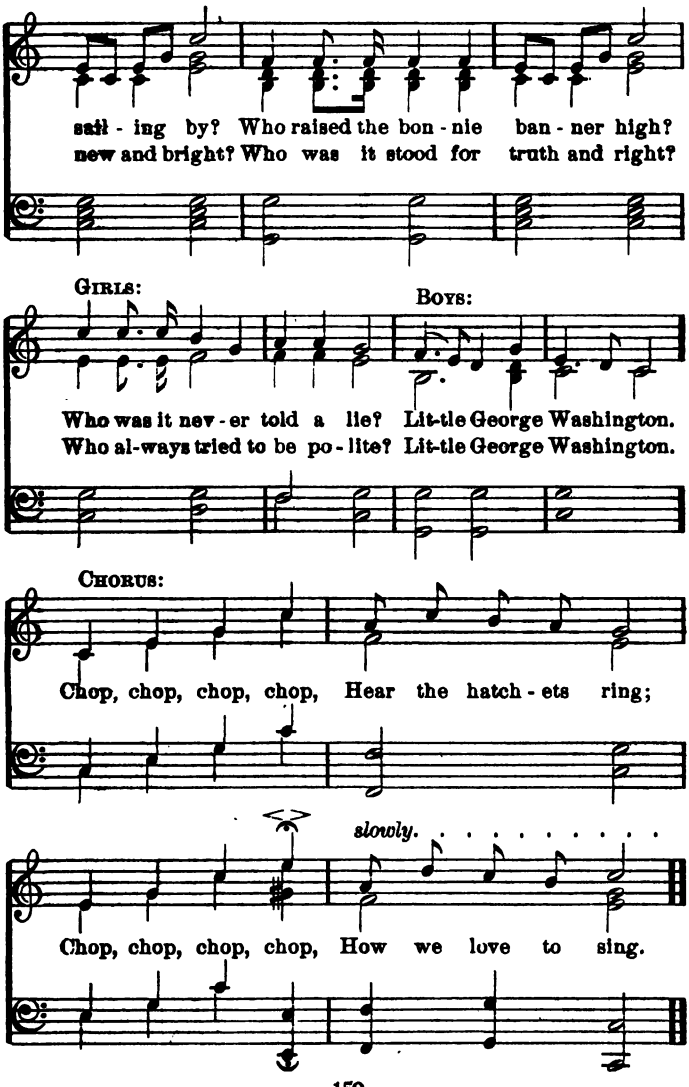
Then, with each coming year,
Wherever shall appear
That natal sun,
Will we attest the worth
Of one true man to earth,
And celebrate the birth
Of Washington.

LITTLE GEORGE WASHINGTON

L. Rountree Smith T. B. Weaver

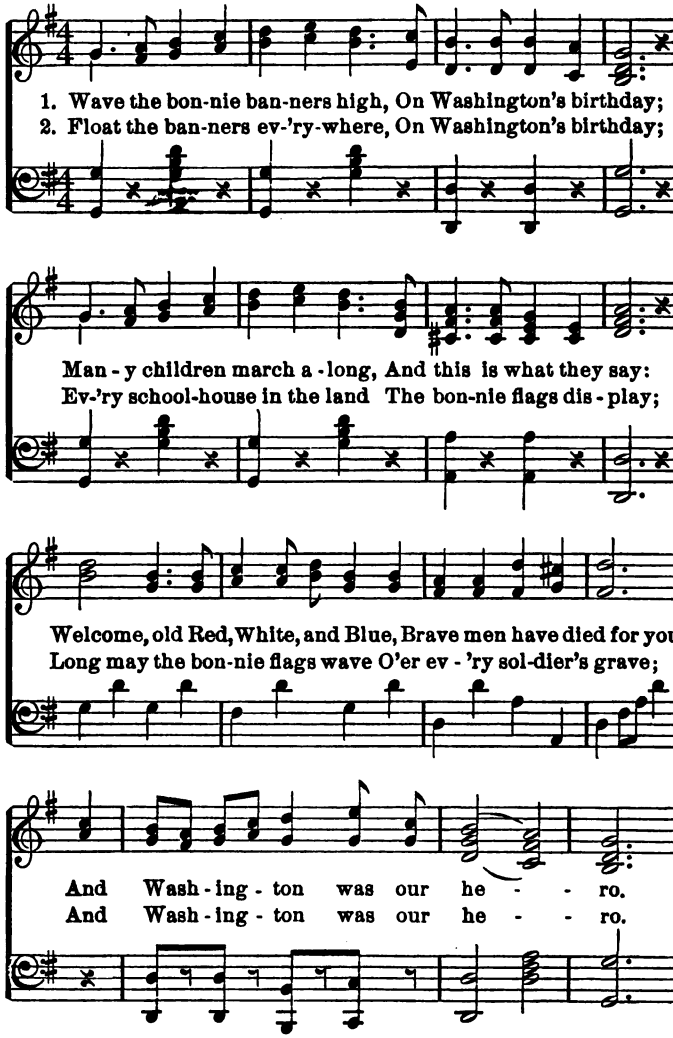


LITTLE GEORGE WASHINGTON

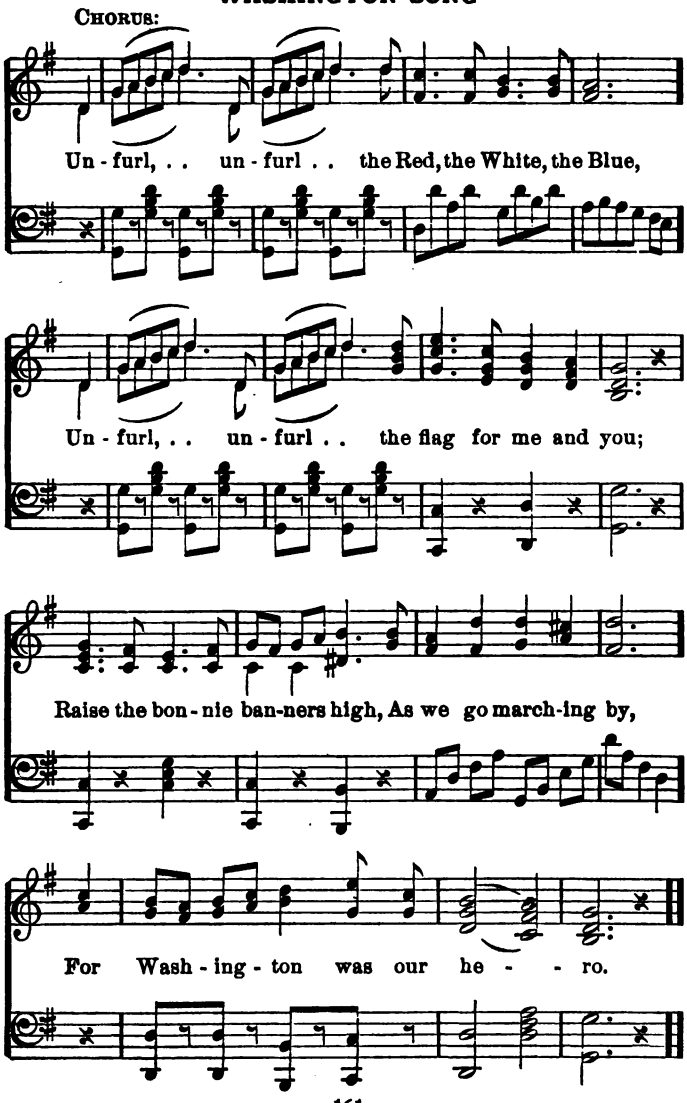


WASHINGTON SONG

L. Rountree Smith T. B. Weaver

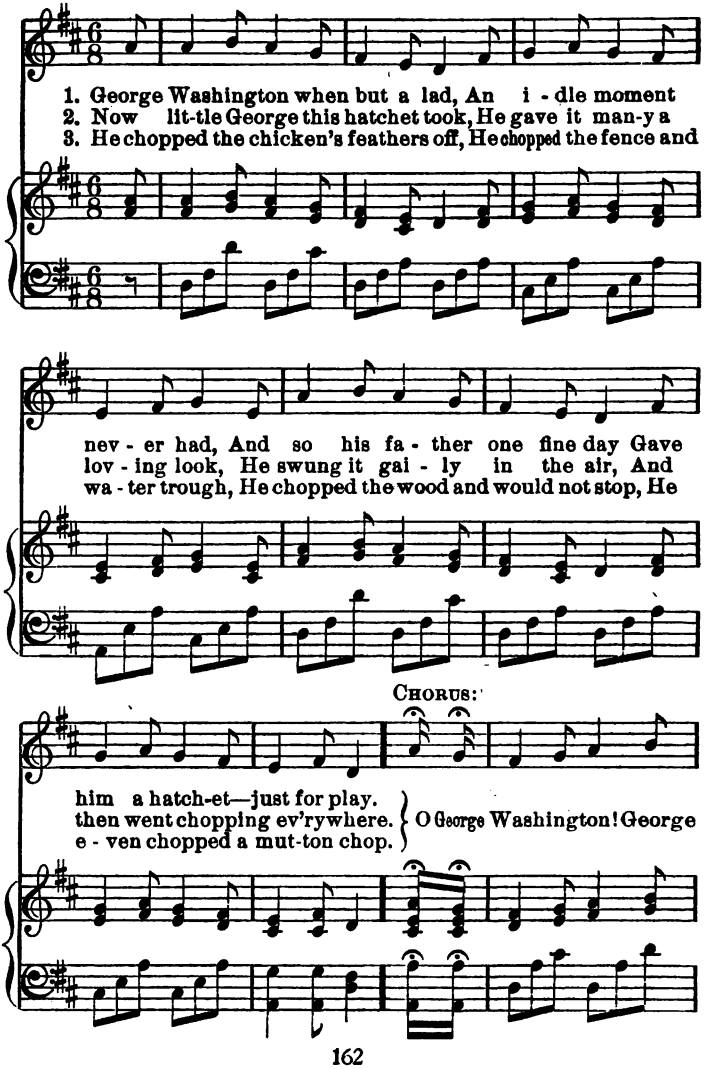


WASHINGTON SONG

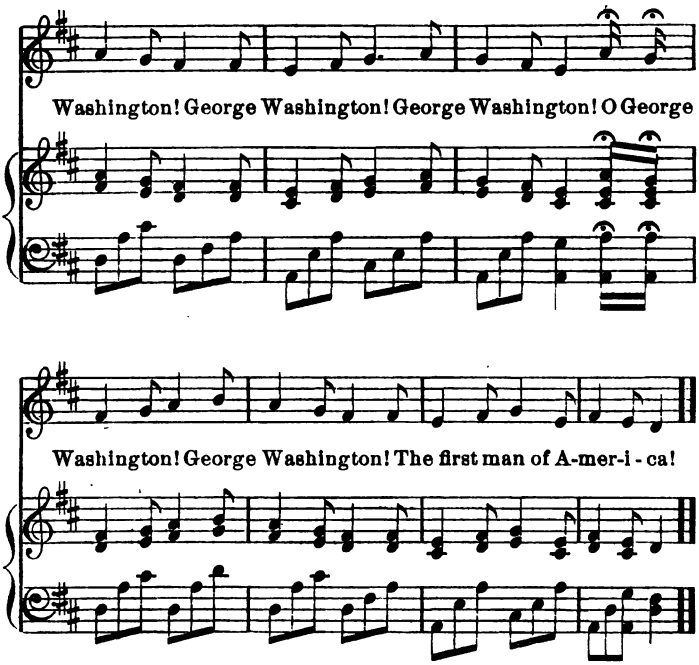


GEORGE WASHINGTON

A. J. Lamb — Arranged by V. P.



GEORGE WASHINGTON



4. He chopped at everything in sight
   He chopped by day, he chopped by night,
   And like a naughty bad boy, he
   Chopped at his father's cherry tree.—CHO.

5. His father came and saw the wreck,
   He took young Georgie by the neck,
   Then young George said—the noble kid—
   "I did it, father! Yes, I did."—CHO.

6. When George grew up in '76,
   He went right at his chopping tricks,
   And every night before he'd sup
   He'd chop the English army up.—CHO.

7. So to this hatchet we may trace
   Our mighty country's present place;
   And there's no land that dares to match it,
   George Washington's cute little *hatchet*.—CHO.

THE STORY OF THE HATCHET*

REV. MASON L. WEEMS

Formerly Pastor of Mt. Vernon Parish

WHEN George was about six years old, he was made the wealthy master of a hatchet, of which, like most little boys, he was immoderately fond, and was constantly going about chopping everything that came in his way. One day, in the garden, where he often amused himself hacking his mother's pea-sticks, he unluckily tried the edge of his hatchet on the body of a beautiful young English cherry-tree, which he barked so terribly that I don't believe the tree ever got the better of it. The next morning the old gentleman, finding out what had befallen his tree, which, by the by, was a great favorite, came into the house and with much warmth asked for the mischievous author, declaring at the same time that he would not have taken five guineas for his tree. Nobody could tell him anything about it. Presently George and his hatchet made their appearance.

"George," said his father, "do you know who killed that beautiful little cherry-tree yonder in the garden?"

This was a tough question, and George staggered under it for a moment; but quickly recovered himself, and, looking at his father with the sweet face of youth brightened with the inexpressible charm of all-triumphant truth, he bravely cried out, "I can't tell a lie, Pa, you know I can't tell a lie; I cut it with my hatchet."

"Run to my arms, you dearest boy," cried his father in transports, "run to my arms; glad am I, George, that you ever killed my tree, for you have paid me for it a thousandfold. Such an act of heroism in my son is more worth than a thousand trees, though blossomed with silver and their fruits of fairest gold."

---

*SEE footnote, p. 13.

WASHINGTON'S APPOINTMENTS

PRESIDENT WASHINGTON entertained notions about appointments to office which in these days would be thought quixotic. He accepted the presidency with the purpose not to be "swayed in the disposal of places by motives arising from the ties of friendship and blood." There were hundreds of competitors for every office of any importance, among whom were friends, but Washington acted with sole reference to the public good.

A friend and a political opponent applied for the same office, and Washington gave it to the latter. He thus explains the act:

"My friend I receive with cordial welcome. He is welcome to my house, and welcome to my heart, but with all his good qualities he is not a man of business. My opponent, with all his politics, so hostile to me, *is* a man of business. My private feelings have nothing to do in the case. I am not George Washington, but President of the United States. As George Washington I would do this man any kindness in my power. As President of the United States I can do nothing." —*Youth's Companion*

WASHINGTON AT PRAYER

REV. MASON L. WEEMS

Formerly Pastor of Mt. Vernon Parish

IN THE winter of '77, while Washington with the American army lay encamped at Valley Forge, a certain good old Friend, of the respectable family and name of Potts, if I mistake not, had occasion to pass through the woods near headquarters. Treading his way along the venerable grove he suddenly heard the sound of a human voice, which as he advanced increased in his ear, and at length became like the voice of one speaking much in earnest. As he approached the spot with a cautious step, whom should he behold in a dark natural bower of ancient oaks but the Com-

mander-in-Chief of the American armies on his knees at prayer! Motionless with surprise, Friend Potts waited in the place till the General, having ended his devotions, arose, and with a countenance of angel serenity, retired to headquarters. Friend Potts then went home, and on entering his parlor called out to his wife, "Sarah! my dear! Sarah! All's well! All's well! George Washington will yet prevail!"

"What's the matter, Isaac?" replied she; "thee seems moved."

"Well, if I seem moved, 'tis no more than what I am; I have this day seen what I never expected. Thee knows that I always thought the sword and the gospel utterly inconsistent, and that no man could be a soldier and a Christian at the same time. But George Washington has this day convinced me of my mistake."

He then related what he had seen, and concluded with the prophetical remark, "If George Washington be not a man of God, I am greatly deceived, and still more shall I be deceived if God doth not, through him, work out a great salvation for America."

WASHINGTON

JOHN FISKE

AMERICAN youth know that Washington captured Cornwallis, made a brilliant retreat after the battle of Long Island and worried and fretted the British armies into exhaustion during a seven years' war. They also know that he was President twice and declined to become President a third time. There are not many who know that the only time tears were seen in his eyes was at the close of the war, when his army, encamped upon the banks of the Hudson, was about to be disbanded. There were men in his army who were fearful that the ambitions and jealousies of some of those who had been of influence during the Revolution would attempt to gain great personal power. There were others who believed that there

would be established in America a constitutional monarchy modeled after that of Great Britain. The nation, as we now know it, was a government yet to be created.

So a company of officers—men having influence—having talked this matter over, agreed to go to Washington, ask him to accept the crown of empire and to promise him the support of the army in thus establishing a personal throne. When they approached Washington, he thought that as friends they had come to him for counsel. He was in a happy frame of mind that morning. The war had ended victoriously, and he had already been in consultation with Hamilton respecting the form of civil government which the now free colonies should undertake.

They offered him the crown in but a single sentence. A few years before, across the river, Washington, being seated at breakfast, had been approached by an officer, who told him that Benedict Arnold had fled after an attempt to betray West Point into the hands of the British. The news was appalling, for he had admired Arnold's splendid courage and loved the man. Yet so great was his self-command, so superb his capacity for controlling emotion, so thoroughly had he schooled himself to face adversity with calmness, that those about him only saw a look of sad sternness come to his countenance as he uttered the now historic words, "Whom can we trust?"

But when these officers proposed to him the empire, and tried to put the sceptre in his hands, Washington broke down. There was sorrow and there was anger in his countenance and in his manner. Tears came to his eyes, and, when he dismissed them with a sad gesture and only a brief word, these men realized that Washington had been shocked and grieved that it could have entered their hearts that he could for one moment have regarded an empire as possible, or could have fought through those seven years that he might himself attain the throne. In his actions Washington not only revealed his moral greatness, but made it impossible that a monarchy could ever be established in the United States.

Fame was too earnest in her joy,
Too proud of such a son
To let a robe and title
Mask our noble Washington.

The fame of Washington stands apart from every other in history, shining with a truer luster and a more benignant glory. With us his memory remains a national property, where all sympathies meet in unison. Under all dissensions and amid all storms of party, his precepts and examples speak to us from the grave with a paternal appeal; and his name—by all revered—forms a universal tie of brotherhood —a watchword of our union.

THE PART GEORGE WASHINGTON HAD IN THE MAKING OF THE AMERICAN FLAG

IT WOULD be interesting if we could tell just what were the earliest ideas of our forefathers about the making of the flag.

As soon as the colonists had fully decided to separate from the British, they began to think about having a flag of their own. We have no record of the devices that were proposed, nor the speeches that were made. But, finally, about a month before the Declaration of Independence was made, the design was drawn out on paper, and a committee appointed to see about having the flag made. George Washington was one of this committee.

This committee reported its findings and recommendations to the Congress and on Saturday, the 14th of June, 1777, the American Congress

"*Resolved,* That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes,* alternate white and red; that the union be

*AFTER Vermont and Kentucky were admitted, in 1791 and 1792, the stars and stripes were each increased to fifteen. In 1818, the original number of stripes was restored and since that time each new state when admitted is represented by a star only and not by a star and stripe.

thirteen white stars in a blue field, representing a new constellation."

A design having been drawn and approved, who should make the flag?

In a little house on Arch street lived a woman whom Washington knew to be very skillful with her needle. She had embroidered the ruffles for his shirt-fronts for many years. Her name was Mrs. John [Betsy] Ross. To her, therefore, the committee went, and in her little back parlor the Father of his Country sat down and unfolded the design of his country's flag. She agreed to undertake the making of it, and must have been successful, for it is said that she was afterwards employed for many years by the Government in making flags.

There is no record of when or where the Stars and Stripes were first unfurled, but they were in general use soon after the Declaration of Independence.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHPLACE AND EARLY HOME

WASHINGTON IRVING

THESE selections from IRVING'S LIFE OF WASHINGTON are suitable for reading and will be found very interesting as parts of a regular program. The first furnishes a description of Washington's birthplace, Bridges Creek, Virginia; the second of his next early Virginian home.

THIS house commanded a view over many miles of the Potomac and the opposite shore of Maryland. It had probably been purchased with the property, and was one of the primitive farm-houses of Virginia. The roof was steep and sloped down into low projecting eaves. It had four rooms on the ground floor, and others in the attic, and an immense chimney at each end. Not a vestige of it remains. Two or three decayed fig trees, with shrubs and vines, linger about the place, and here and there a flower—grown wild—serves to mark where a garden had been. Such, at least, was the case a few years since; but

these may have likewise passed away. A stone marks the site of the house, and an inscription denotes its being the birthplace of Washington.

* * * * * * * *

Not long after the birth of George, his father removed to an estate in Stafford County, opposite Fredericksburg. The house was similar in style to the one at Bridges Creek, and stood on a rising ground overlooking a meadow which bordered the Rappahannock. This was the home of George's boyhood; the meadow was his playground and the scene of his early athletic sports; but this home, like that in which he was born, has disappeared. The site is only to be traced by fragments of brick, china and earthenware.

WASHINGTON'S COMMISSION AS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

[*1775*]

In Congress

THE delegates of the United Colonies of New Hampshire, Massachusetts Bay, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, New Castle, Kent and Sussex on Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina and South Carolina.

To *George Washington,* Esquire:

We, reposing especial trust and confidence in your patriotism, conduct and fidelity, do by these presents constitute and appoint you to be *General and Commander-in-Chief* of the Army of the United Colonies and of all the forces raised or to be raised by them and of all others who shall voluntarily offer their service and join the said army for the defence of American Liberty and for repelling every hostile invasion thereof.

And you are hereby vested with full power and authority to act as you shall think for the good and welfare of the service.

And we do hereby strictly charge and require all officers and soldiers under your command to be obedient to your orders and diligent in the exercise of their several duties.

And we do also enjoin and require you to be careful in executing the great trust reposed in you, by causing strict discipline and order to be observed in the army, and that the soldiers are duly exercised and provided with all convenient necessaries.

And you are to regulate your conduct in every respect by the rules and discipline of war [as herewith given you], and punctually to observe and follow such orders and directions from time to time as you shall receive from this or a future Congress of the said United Colonies or a committee of Congress for that purpose appointed.

This Commission to continue in force until revoked by this or a future Congress.

By order of the Congress.

JOHN HANCOCK, *President.*

Dated, Philadelphia, June 19, 1775.

Attest: CHAS. THOMSON, *Sur.*

FAREWELL ADDRESS*

(Selection)

GEORGE WASHINGTON

IN LOOKING forward to the moment which is intended to terminate the career of my public life, my feelings do not permit me to suspend the deep acknowledgment of that debt of gratitude which I owe to my beloved country, for the many honors it has conferred upon me; still more for the steadfast confidence with which it has supported me; and for the opportunities I have thence enjoyed of manifesting my inviolable attachment, by services faithful and persevering, though, in usefulness, unequal to my zeal.

*IN THIS connection it is interesting to note that the original Message of Washington's Farewell Address was sold at auction to a citizen of New York City; the price paid was $2,300, Feb. 12, 1850, at Philadelphia.

If benefits have resulted to our country from these services, let it always be remembered to your praise, and as an instructive example in our annals, that under circumstances in which the passions, agitated in every direction, were liable to mislead; amidst appearances sometimes dubious; vicissitudes of fortune often discouraging; in situations in which not infrequently want of success has countenanced the spirit of criticism, the constancy of your support was the essential prop of the efforts and a guaranty of the plans by which they were effected.

Profoundly penetrated with this idea, I shall carry it with me to the grave, as a strong incitement to unceasing vows that Heaven may continue to you the choicest tokens of its beneficence; that your union and brotherly affection may be perpetual; that the free constitution, which is the work of your hands, may be sacredly maintained; that its administration in every department may be stamped with wisdom and virtue; that, in fine, the happiness of the people of these States, under the auspices of liberty, may be made complete by so careful a preservation and so prudent a use of this blessing, as will acquire to them the glory of recommending it to the applause, the affection and adoption of every nation which is yet a stranger to it.

FAREWELL ADDRESS TO HIS OFFICERS

THIS took place March 15, 1783. In the midst of his reading—for he addressed his officers by aid of a manuscript—Washington made a short pause, took out his spectacles, and begged the indulgence of the audience while he adjusted them, at the same time observing:

"Gentlemen, I have grown gray in your service, and now find that I am growing blind."

An eye-witness speaks of the act as being "so natural, so unaffected, as to render it superior to the most studied oratory! It found its way to every heart, and you could see sensibility moisten every eye!"

WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL TO HIS ARMY

WITH a heart full of love and gratitude I now take leave of you, most devoutly wishing that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable. I cannot come to each of you to take my leave, but shall be obliged if each of you will come and take my hand.

INSCRIPTIONS ON WASHINGTON'S TOMB

at Mt. Vernon, Va.

THE brave, the wise, the good.
SUPREME in war, in council, and in peace.
VALIANT without ambition, discreet without fear, confident without presumption.
IN disaster, calm; in success, moderate; in all himself.
THE patriot, the Christian, the Father of nations, the friend of mankind, who, when he had won all, renounced all; and sought in the bosom of his family and of nature retirement; and in the hope of religion immortality.

ORIGIN OF THE CELEBRATION OF WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

WASHINGTON'S birthday was first celebrated February 22, 1800, pursuant to a joint resolution of Congress, passed December 30, 1799, recommending the people of the United States "to assemble on that day in such manner as should be convenient, to testify publicly by eulogies, orations or discourses, or by public prayers, their grief for the death of George Washington."

EVENTS IN THE LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON

A LIST OF IMPORTANT FACTS CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED

1732 February 22. Born on a plantation on Bridges Creek, a small stream emptying into the Potomac, in Westmoreland County, Virginia. He was the eldest son of Augustine Washington, by his second wife, Mary Ball.

1743 April 12. His father dies.

1747 George leaves school in the autumn of this year, after having received a fair English education, but nothing more.

1748 March. Appointed public surveyor and goes on his first surveying expedition.

1751 Appointed major of Virginia militia. In September he sails for the West Indies with his brother Lawrence.

1752 Lawrence dies, leaving George executor of his will.

1753 Sent by Governor Dinwiddie on a mission to the French Commander at Venango (near Fort Duquesne). This first brought Washington into public notice.

1755 Was on Braddock's staff when he (Braddock) was defeated and killed at Ft. Duquesne.

1759 January 6. Marries Mrs. Martha Custis, a wealthy widow.

1774 Is a member of the first Continental Congress.

1775 Is a member of the second Continental Congress. Appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Continental forces, June 15, and takes command at Cambridge, July 3. This position he held until the close of the Revolutionary War, 1783.

1776 July 4. Declaration of Independence issued.

1777 June 14. Flag of Stars and Stripes adopted by Congress.

1781 October 19. Surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown.

1783 Takes leave of the army, November 2. Resigns his commission, December 23, and retires to his home at Mount Vernon.

1787 Presides at Constitutional Convention.

1789 Is unanimously chosen first President of the United States. Inaugurated April 30. His mother dies in August of the same year.

1793 Reëlected President and inaugurated for the second time, March 4. Issues proclamation of neutrality, April 22.

1794 April 16. Nominates John Jay as envoy extraordinary to Great Britain.

1795 August 18. Signs the Jay Treaty.

1796 September 15. Issues a Farewell Address to the people of the United States.

1797 March 4. Retires from the Presidency.

1798 July 2. Appointed Commander-in-Chief of the armies of the United States, when war with France is impending.

1799* December 14. Died of acute laryngitis, a victim of the malpractice of his time. His last words were, "'Tis well, 'tis well."

---

*A PECULIAR coincidence of figures: the last month of the last year of the eighteenth century.

A SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM FOR A WASHINGTON DAY ENTERTAINMENT

1. SALUTE TO THE FLAG.....SCHOOL

   AT A SIGNAL from the principal the pupils in ordered ranks, hands to the side, face the flag. At another signal every pupil gives the flag the military salute as follows: The right hand lifted, palm downward, the forefinger touching the forehead above the eye. Standing thus, all repeat slowly: "I pledge allegiance to my flag and the republic for which it stands, one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all." At the words, "to my flag," the right hand is extended gracefully, palm upward, towards the flag, and remains in this gesture till the end of the affirmation, whereupon all hands immediately drop to the side. Where a silent salute is given, the flag is borne between the standing lines or in front of a single line, and the hands remain at salute until the flag-bearer reaches the center of the room, when, at a given signal, every hand is dropped.

2. SONG—COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN....SCHOOL
3. WASHINGTON DAY: Its observance a privilege for ourselves and a duty to the young people of the country .....READING
4. DECLAMATION—Selected .....PUPIL
5. SONG—STAR-SPANGLED BANNER OR HAIL COLUMBIA .....PUPIL OR SCHOOL
6. QUOTATIONS from the maxims of George Washington and from his eulogists.....BY PUPILS rising in their places and repeating
7. WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS (or selections) .....PUPIL
8. ESSAY ON WASHINGTON.....PUPIL
9. SONG .....SCHOOL
10. TABLEAUX OR GROUPING representing some historical event in the life of Washington.....GROUP
11. WASHINGTON AS A MODEL FOR THE YOUTH OF THE NATION .....READING
12. SONG—BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.....SCHOOL
13. BRIEF ADDRESSES.....BY INVITED GUESTS
14. SONG—AMERICA.....SCHOOL AND VISITORS

WASHINGTON PICTURES

GEORGE WASHINGTON—Portrait. A beautiful art lithograph with cream border. Size 22 x 28 inches. **Price, 35 cents, postpaid. Or framed in two inch solid oak, black enameled frame with glass, complete, $1.45. Express charges extra.**

MARTHA WASHINGTON—Portrait. Crayon lithograph. Size 22 x 28 inches. **Price, 20 cents, postpaid. Or framed as above, $1.35. Express charges extra.**

IN THE PERRY PICTURES

EXTRA SIZE, 10 x 12 INCHES

112 George Washington 113 Martha Washington
1414 Washington Crossing the Delaware

Please order by number. Price, each, 7 cents; four for 25 cents; ten or more at 5 cents each, postpaid.

REGULAR AND SMALL SIZES

ALL PICTURES in the list below may be had in the Regular size (5½ x 8 inches) at 1 cent each if twenty-five or more are ordered at one time. Titles preceded by an asterisk (*) may be ordered in small size (3 x 3½ inches) at ½ cent each if fifty or more are ordered at one time. All sizes may be assorted as desired. Order by number.

* 112 George Washington
* 113 Martha Washington
*1409 Mount Vernon
*1412 Washington Elm
*1413 Washington Monument
*1414 Washington Crossing the Delaware
*1415 Washington at Trenton
1416 Washington and LaFayette at Mount Vernon
1416-B Washington's Headquarters at Newburgh
1416-C Washington Resigning His Commission
*1416-D Washington Equestrian Statue—Boston
*1416-E Washington's Tomb
1416-F Washington at Valley Forge
*1416-G Washington and His Family
*1416-H Washington and His Mother

Revolutionary Subjects.

*1363 Battle of Lexington
*1367 The Minute Man, Concord
*1376 Faneuil Hall, "Cradle of Liberty," Boston
1383-F Patrick Henry Delivering His Great Speech
1384 Bunker Hill Monument
*1385 Battle of Bunker Hill
1386 Battle at Princeton
1387 The Surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga
1388 Surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown
*1389 Signing of the Declaration of Independence
*1389-B Independence Hall, Philadelphia
*1389-C Independence Bell

Material for Washington Day

Washington Celebrations

By Stanley Schell. A collection of prose and verse selections appropriate to the celebration of Washington's birthday, together with a few exercises, songs, hints and related facts. 96 pages. Illustrated. **Price, 35 cents.**

Washington's Birthday Exercises

By Ida M. Hedrick. Consists of recitations, quotations, dialogues, songs and exercises for all grades. 31 pages. **Price, 15 cents.**

The Washington Celebration at Riverside

By Archibald Humboldt. A book of recitations, dialogues, songs, tableaux and drills for all grades. 37 pages. **Price, 25 cents.**

Hatchet March and Drill

By Alice Cook Fuller. For sixteen or twenty-four boys of primary or intermediate grades. Illustrated by diagrams. **Price, 15 cents.**

The Story of Washington

For third and fourth grade classes. Well written and illustrated. 32 pages. **Price, each, 6 cents; per dozen, 60 cents, postpaid.**

The Story of the Revolution

For third and fourth grade classes. Contains also a short story of Washington, The Story of Brindle and Paul Revere's Ride. 32 pages. **Price, each, 6 cents; per dozen, 60 cents, postpaid.**

Portrait of Washington

We offer an excellent portrait of Washington, especially desirable for schoolroom decoration, at a very low price. The picture is a copy of a painting by Gillette and is reproduced from a negative made from the original. In this way all the feeling and expression of the painting is preserved with photographic fidelity. The picture is true to life and is soft in color. Printed in black on good, heavy, white paper, with a cream border. Equal to any one dollar picture. Size, 22x28 inches. **Price, 35 cents, postpaid.**

Framed Portrait of Washington. We also have this picture framed in a 2-inch solid oak, black enameled frame. **Price,** complete with picture, frame and glass, and packed ready for shipment, **$1.45.** Express charges are additional.

We carry in stock many more books and materials for this and other special days. Should you not find what is wanted here, write us. Ask for our Teachers' Catalogue, if you haven't one. Mailed free upon request.

A. FLANAGAN COMPANY :: Chicago

DEC 31 1937